The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* August *will be noticed in the* September *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th September *in the* October *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

Mr. Swinburne will publish a new volume of poems in the autumn.

We believe that Mr. Kipling has a long novel of 60,000 words practically finished. Most of it was written before his illness, and he has finished it during his convalescence.

There does not promise to be so many novels by prominent authors this autumn as there were last year, and among the absentees will be Mr. Stanley Weyman, whose new novel "Sophia," now running serially in the *Queen*, will not be published until the spring of next year; Mr. Merriman, who will not have a new novel until the autumn of next year; and Mr. Haggard, who although he has no novel, will be represented by "The Farmer's Year," which, by-the-bye, promises from the instalments published in *Longman's Magazine* to be one of the most delightful books published for a long time. We hear that Sir Walter Besant, Mr. Hall Caine, Miss Beatrice Harraden, and Lucas Malet will also have no new book this autumn.

Mr. S. R. Crockett will be represented by "Kit Kennedy," the title-page of which will be a novelty, in that it will bear two imprints, those of Messrs. James Clarke and Co. and Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

There is some talk of Mr. Steevens' long-expected novel being ready at least by the spring of next year. The usual fables have been provoked by this book. It is said that several American publishers have offered as much as a thousand pounds for the serial rights of it. Mr. Steevens is busy at the moment upon his series of papers descriptive of the oddities of London life. In several of these, however, he has been anticipated by Mr. B. Fletcher Robinson, whose series "London Night by Night" is one of the best things of the kind done for some time. It would be difficult to imagine anyone writing a more realistic picture of river life than Mr. Robinson has given us in these papers.

Authors may, perhaps, benefit by the record of an experience of Mr. Gissing's. The MS. of his new novel was despatched to America by "express" carriage. The ship bearing it had, however, so little sense of its responsibilities that it ran on the rocks and insisted on remaining there for weeks. The non-arrival of the MS. caused great anxiety and a lavish expenditure on cables. The author at length ascertained that it lay in the hold of the *Paris*, and the shippers undertook to transfer it to the next mail boat. More anxiety and more cables followed, and Mr. Gissing was informed that the MS. had been salvaged, that it must be surveyed by Lloyd's surveyor, and that it would then be brought to London, where he could receive delivery on payment of his proportion of "general average." Finally, the MS., sodden, but otherwise none the worse, was rescued and despatched anew. Insurance would not have saved the delay, but it would have covered most of the attendant expense. In the case of a simple typescript it is not often of much moment, but where, as in this case, an author has spent a long time revising the copy, the risk is one which should be covered by insurance.

Mr. Dunne (the author of "Mr. Dooley"), who has been staying with Mr. Rudyard Kipling, leaves London for America in the month of August. He will return to us later.

Mr. T. Edgar Pemberton is at work on a life of the Kendals, which Messrs. Pearson will issue this autumn. The book will be handsomely produced with many portraits.

The book which is likely to attract most attention in the early autumn is Mr. Charles Neufeld's account of his thirteen years' captivity in Omdurman. The recently issued books of a similar nature have been supervised by a military authority, but Mr. Neufeld prefers to tell his story by himself, which will give him the necessary scope for presenting the true facts.

His book will not be a mere stirring narrative of his captivity, but will have a greater value and significance. Mr. Neufeld made friends of the most influential and intelligent men of the country during their long detention in hardship together, and consequently gained an insight into and knowledge of the inner affairs of the Soudan and Egypt which probably could have been acquired in no other way. Rumour has it that his account of Gordon's death is likely to cause great consternation when published. The book will contain numerous illustrations, maps, and plans, and will be published simultaneously in England (by Chapman and Hall), America, Germany, and France.

During Mr. Neufeld's stay in London he has met many of his friends of former days in Egypt. He naturally has been approached continually by newspaper men and others, but has been successful in keeping himself to himself and in getting about unobserved. He looks extremely well, considering what he has had to go through during the last thirteen years.

Mr. Neufeld goes to Germany at once, but will return shortly to commence a series of lectures, for which arrangements have been made in England, America, and Germany.

Mr. Richard Whiteing will publish in the autumn "The Island," as in the case of "No. 5, John Street," through Mr. Grant Richards in this country and the Century Company in America.

We understand that the *Morning Leader* is to be congratulated on having secured Mr. Frank T. Bullen, the author of that very interesting book, "The Cruise of the Cachalot," as their correspondent at the Naval Manœuvres.

Mr. Bok, the editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal* of Philadelphia, who has been over here recently, returned home last week. Mr. Curtis, the proprietor of the journal, had preceded him by about a fortnight.

Mr. Frank Dodd having returned to New York, Mr. Robert Dodd has now arrived in London. We understand that Mr. Robert Dodd is the head of the old book and MS. department of the business of Dodd, Mead and Co.

Mr. Benjamin Swift's new novel, "Siren City," will be published both here and in America in the early part of the month (August). In this country it will be published by Messrs. Methuen and Co., and in America by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co.

Mr. Henry Norman's successor as London correspondent of the *New York Times* is Mr. T. B. Fielders, a well-known American journalist, who has a reputation for brilliant special reporting. Some of his best work was done for the *Pall Mall Gazette* under Mr. Cust's editorship. Under Sir Douglas Straight Mr. Fielders was for some time assistant editor, but he severed his connection with the paper last year.

We hear of two new daily papers to be started in the near future. With one the names of C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., and T. P. O'Connor are associated as founder and editor respectively. Mr. Augustine Birrell is spoken of as the editor of the other journal. But we think this is very unlikely. Mr. Birrell once said that the only periodical he would care to edit must be called the *Decennial Review*.

Mr. Stephen Crane has now finished his story on the Greek War. This has been anticipated with some interest. It is a book running to about 80,000 words, we understand, and, of course, is the result of Mr. Crane's personal observations during the war.

Mr. Cutliffe Hyne's novel, "The Filibusters," will be published some time during the autumn. He has, we believe, just completed a new serial story for Messrs. Pearson, and this is understood to be nautical.

Mr. Robert Barr is telling a story of a jest played by him upon a London editor. It was when he was running the *Idler*, and happened to have one of Mr. Kipling's stories in his possession. Disbelieving in this particular editor's judgment, he submitted Mr. Kipling's story to him without a name. The editor promptly returned it as poor stuff. Mr. Barr has not ventured to call upon that editor since. He is now at work, by the way, upon another series of short stories.

Mr. Gilbert Parker is at Carlsbad with the intention of improving the state of his health. He goes thence to the Austrian Tyrol.

Mr. Hugh Chisholm, editor of *St. James's Gazette*, has been absent from town, through illness, for the last three months. The editorial chair is being occupied temporarily by Mr. Theodore Cook.

Miss Violet Hunt, who has been in ill-health for some time past, has returned from Paris, and is, we are glad to hear, much better.

We hear that Mr. Julian Ralph, the distinguished American journalist, is writing a series of articles dealing with some of his experiences. They will be published serially in this country in the *Queen*, and simultaneously in America in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Mr. W. Pett Ridge is one of the few authors publishing in the month of August. His new novel, "A Son of the State," to be issued by Messrs. Methuen in their Novelist's Library, is a description of the early life of a Hoxton boy whom the State takes by the ear. In America it is issued by Dodd, Mead and Co.

"The Red Rat's Daughter" is the title of a new novel by Mr. Guy Boothby, which is to be issued next spring. It is to be published by Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co., who will also publish Mr. Boothby's other work of fiction, "A Maker of Nations."

Mr. G. W. Appleton, whose "Francois the Valet" was recently published by Messrs. Pearson, has written a new novel entitled "A Fair Sinner."

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's "Tour through England," now running in the *Weekly Sun*, is, when published in book-form, to be illustrated by numerous beautiful photographs taken by an artist who is Mr. Le Gallienne's companion on the tour.

The popularity of cricketing fiction is illustrated by the fact that within a week or two more than four thousand copies of "Willow the King," by Mr. J. C. Snaith, have been called for. Mr. Snaith's next book is to be entitled "Lady Barbarity." It is now running through the *English Illustrated Magazine*, and is upon similar lines to "Mistress Dorothy Marvin," by which Mr. Snaith made his name. It will be issued by Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. in the autumn.

The same publishers will also issue this autumn a new book by Mrs. L. T. Meade and Mr. Robert Eustace. The title will be "Stories of the Gold Star Line."

We understand that the popular work on "Golf" which was issued anonymously by Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. is the work of no less an authority than Mr. Horace Hutchinson.

John Strange Winter's new book is to be entitled "A Mother's Holiday."

Mr. Charles Gleig, who recently successfully collaborated with Mr. Edwin Pugh in "The Rogues' Paradise," has written a farcical novel of naval life, which is to see the light this autumn.

A hundred and seventy-five thousand copies have been sold in America of the book "David Harum," and it is selling at the rate of between six thousand and ten thousand weekly. The deceased author's sister has issued a declaration that to her certain knowledge no character in the book was drawn from life. She says that "David Harum" may be called a composite photograph, and that all the other

THE LATE EDWARD NOYES WESTCOTT.

people in the book are entirely creatures of Mr. Westcott's fancy and imagination. As might be expected, the American papers are full of articles on the author. Edward Noyes Westcott was born in Syracuse, New York, September 3rd, 1847, and died there of consumption March 31st, 1898. He was occupied in business in Syracuse all his life, and wrote very little except political pamphlets. He was fond of music, and was a noted singer at concerts and in church choirs. When the inroads of his illness put an end to his singing, he felt the deprivation more than any other that could have come to him. It was not till the total collapse of his health that he took to writing a novel, and his object at first was simply to keep his mind off himself. He found it difficult to get a publisher, six different houses of high standing having refused it. Finally he went to Messrs. Appleton, who accepted it promptly and unhesitatingly. The author's courage rose, and it became his most earnest desire that he might live to see his work through the press. But the unavoidable delays incident to its publication unhappily rendered this impossible, and he died six months before the work appeared.

The Clarke Co., who are responsible for the *Times* reprints of the Encyclopædia Britannica and the Century Dictionary, have in preparation a series of volumes which is to be issued on a similar plan under the general title of "Literature." We understand that "Literature" will run to about twenty volumes, and will contain long extracts from the greatest writers of all time. It will be profusely illustrated and handsomely produced. This is only one of many schemes which the Clarke Co. have under consideration, and we believe that an agreement for a number of years has been entered into between them and the *Times* for the publication of works on the instalment plan.

The name of "Tammas Bodkin"—the pseudonym o the late W. D. Latto, Dundee—has long been familiar to Scotsmen in all parts of the world. He formed a living link between the writers of the Scottish language who flourished in the early half of the century—Galt, John Wilson (Christopher North), Hogg, and D. M. Moir—and the later "Kailyard" school represented by Barrie, Crockett, and some of their imitators. The idea of Mr. Latto's work was unquestionably borrowed from D. M. Moir, though his method was entirely original. Tammas Bodkin was the name of Mansie Waugh's apprentice, and Mr. Latto, adopting the narrative style of Moir, carried his apprentice-tailor through as many humorous adventures as those experienced by the worthy Mansie himself. But in his delineation of humble Scottish life, and in his forcible use of the Scottish vernacular, Mr. Latto excelled Dr. Moir. He drew his pictures from the life in the midst of which his lot was cast, and he used the language that had been familiar to him from childhood in a manner which was impossible for a University-bred man like Moir, whose experiences were confined to Edinburgh and Musselburgh. Mr. Latto had not the brilliant genius of Moir, the wide knowledge of Galt, the irresistible humour of Christopher North, nor the multiform experience of the Ettrick Shepherd; yet he possessed all these qualities in a limited degree, and his writings appealed to Scotsmen of all classes, alike because of their truthfulness to nature and the kindly spirit that pervaded them.

William Duncan Latto was born in humble circumstances near the ancient town of Ceres, in Fife, on 27th June, 1823. He had few advantages in the way of education, and, like another Livingstone, studied while plying the shuttle. In 1846 he became schoolmaster at Baldinnie, but occupied his spare time in writing for the press. In 1860 he became

THE LATE MR. W. D. LATTO.
From Photo by D. & W. Prophet, Dundee.

editor of the *People's Journal*. In that paper Mr. Latto initiated the "Bodkin Papers." It is noteworthy that the late Prince Lucien Bonaparte, who took a great interest in the Scottish vernacular, placed "Tammas Bodkin" in his philological library as a typical example of pure Scots.

MONTHLY REPORTS OF THE WHOLESALE BOOKSELLING TRADE.

(1) ENGLAND.

JUNE 20TH TO JULY 22ND, 1899.

The public has certainly not been in a book-buying frame of mind during the last few weeks, and consequently the announcement of the fact that trade has been quiet will not startle anyone. This has been very noticeable in the country departments. Foreign and colonial business continues to pour in steadily, but there is always room for an increase, as the export trade is handicapped in many ways, particularly by the issue of colonial editions.

The leading line in the trade is still the 6s. novel, which continues in good demand. "A Double Thread" and "Concerning Isabel Carnaby" (especially the latter) are favourites, with which may be mentioned "No. 5, John Street." Many others named in the list at the foot are also selling freely. The 6d. editions are falling off. The public appetite in this direction is nearly satisfied, although a few standard works are still announced to appear in this form.

A little work by O. Schreiner, dealing with South African affairs, has attracted a considerable amount of attention, and a large number has been sold.

The Temperance Question is still being widely studied, judging from the sales of Rowntree and Sherwell's "Temperance Problem."

Guide Books are now in the height of their season, and large quantities of Murray's, Baedeker's, and Black's various issues have found a ready market.

Books on out-door sports and cricket reminiscences always have a free outlet at this time of the year.

Coloured Almanacks and Calendars for the new year are being shown to the trade, but here, as with the books, there are too many of them, for any to have a very large sale.

Among magazines there is little that calls for note, save the continued popularity of the *Woman at Home*.

In the appended list of books it will be noticed that fiction predominates, and there is very little of more serious reading. The holiday season must answer for this.

Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder.)
A Double Thread. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
No. 5, John Street. By R. Whiteing. 6s. (Richards.)
The Market Place. By H. Frederick. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Fowler. By B. Harraden. 6s. (W. Blackwood.)
Ione March. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Hodder.)
South African's View of the Situation. By O. Schreiner. 1s. (Hodder.)
Rupert, by the Grace of God. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Richard Carvel. By W. Churchill. 6s. (Macmillan.)
On the Edge of the Empire. By Jepson and Beames. 6s. (Heinemann.)
War to the Knife. By R. Boldrewood. 6s. (Macmillan.)
A Solitary Summer. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Elizabeth and her German Garden. 6s. (Macmillan.)
I, Thou, and the Other One. By A. E. Barr. 6s. (Unwin.)
Giles Ingleby. By W. E. Norris. 6s. (Methuen.)
When the Sleeper Wakes. By H. G Wells. 6s. (Harper.)
A Semi-Detached Marriage. By A. Kenealy. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Alfred the Great. By Various Writers. 5s. (Black.)
The British Empire Dictionary. 3s. 6d. (Newnes.)
Seaside Watering Places. 2s. 6d. (L. U. Gill.)
Through Nature to God. By J. Fiske. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
The Temperance Problem. By Rowntree and Sherwell. 6s. (Hodder.)
The Queen's Service. By H. Wyndham. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
With Zola in England. By E. A. Vizetelly. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
June 25—A fair week for the home trade, with steady business in colonial and foreign departments.
July 1—A little more business owing to the publication of the magazines. Export business steady.
" 8—Trade very quiet, books appearing to be the last things wanted. Colonial and foreign departments a little busier.
" 15—Business slightly better than last week in home departments. Export trade continues steady.
" 22—Trade very quiet, probably owing to temperature. Foreign and colonial orders heavier.

(2) SCOTLAND.

JUNE 20TH TO JULY 20TH, 1899.

The month under review was the quietest experienced this year. After supplies of cycling maps, road books and guide books to the picturesque and romantic districts of Scotland were fully purchased, booksellers gave attention to light literature suitable for holiday reading.

As a book specially attractive to tourists, came the profusely illustrated volume by Mrs. Lockie, entitled "Picturesque Edinburgh," with racy descriptions of places of interest, and notices of well-known citizens. Of this book many hundreds were sold.

Of course the sixpenny volume was very prominent in the month's business, and whilst the trade showed caution in buying, yet the sales of the "Bonnie Brier Bush," "Lady Audley's Secret," "Silence of Dean Maitland," "Aldersyde," and "I Forbid the Banns," were very considerable.

Interest in books of foreign travel was shown by the continued brisk sale of Mrs. Little's "Intimate China," the cheap edition of Landor's "In the Forbidden Land"; in African politics by Olive Schreiner's "View of the Situation"; and in the recent Soudan campaign by the demand for a chaplain's experiences "With Kitchener's Army."

The most popular shilling novel was "The Binks Family," by J. S. Winter, and at two shillings the various volumes of Macmillan's Library were well taken up as they appeared. Harvey's "Scottish Life and Character" was the leading book in Scotch literature, and as humorous books "Mr. Dooley in Peace and War," and the very clever "Political Struwwelpeter," by Harold Begbie, had the best sale.

A very steady demand continued for "The Temperance Problem," by Rowntree and Sherwell, and whilst no religious work claimed special attention, Mr. Taylor Innes "Trial of Jesus Christ" from a legal standpoint, was in some request. The six-shilling novel remained as the leading line throughout the month, and contributions came from many of our well-known authors.

Noteworthy among these were "The Market Place," by H. Frederic; "White King of Manoa," by J. Hatton; "Rational Marriage," by F. Marryat; "Rosalba," by O. P. Rayner; "War to the Knife," by R. Boldrewood, and "Ione March," by S. R. Crockett, the last-named meeting with much favour.

At three shillings and sixpence some very acceptable books were published, notably "Jason," by Mrs. Croker; "The *Satellite's* Stowaway," by H. Lander; and "Silence Farm," by W. Sharp.

The magazine trade was exceptionally good, and

very large quantities were easily disposed of. *Harmsworth, Royal, Woman at Home, Lady's World, Windsor,* and *Strand,* were the most prominent in the matter of large sales and popularity.

The following is our usual list of best selling books throughout the month :—

No. 5, John Street. By R. Whiteing. 6s. (Richards.)
The Individualist. By W. H. Mallock. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)
The Garden of Swords. By M. Pemberton. 6s. (Cassell.)
Intimate China. By Mrs. Little. 21s. (Hutchinson.)
Jason. By B. M. Croker. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)
The Market Place. By H. Frederic. 6s. (Heinemann.)
With Kitchener's Army. By O. S. Watkins. 2s. 6d. (Partridge.)
The Craze of Christina. By L. Cameron. 6s. (Long.)
A Double Thread. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The Temperance Problem. By Rowntree and Sherwell. 6s. (Hodder.)
Scottish Life and Character. By W. Harvey. 3s. 9d. net. (Mackay.)
The Martyrdom of an Empress. 7s. 6d. (Harper.)
The *Satellite's* Stowaway. By H. Lander. 3s. 6d. (Chapman and Hall.)
Miss Cayley's Adventures. By Grant Allen. 6s. (Richards.)
The Binks Family. By J. S. Winter. 1s. (White.)
Ione March. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Hodder.)
Picturesque Edinburgh. By Mrs. Lockie. 3s. 6d. net.

THE READER.

MY BOOKSHELVES: MATTHEW ARNOLD.

BY CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

AT the time of writing exactly eleven years have gone by since Matthew Arnold died. It is interesting to look back upon that stage of one's life, and to pass one's hand once more along the shelf of books that has proved so great an influence and so keen a source of joy. Is it that one has stepped into a different surrounding in the ensuing years, and is no longer in touch with the same interests, or is it that the world has changed since then? I remember as if it were yesterday the funeral of Arnold—so many of us tarrying by the quiet grave in Laleham Churchyard. Lord Chief Justice Coleridge and a number of other interesting men, who have now passed into the *Ewigkeit,* were at that open grave. Even at the moment there was perhaps a feeling that a chapter of life had closed for many still living.

Arnold, with his marvellous intellectual agility, had kept us always on the alert as to what he would say next. His poetry in those days—I speak of the few years before he died—was eagerly read by the few, and quoted by them with reverence, but it was of his prose that everyone was speaking. Wherever young men were gathered—and the young men with whom I was brought in contact were principally associated with English Nonconformity—the problems raised by Arnold's "Literature and Dogma" and "God and the Bible" were quite the most important matter of the hour; and his "Essays in Criticism" gave us a standpoint from which to consider all literature. Very old-fashioned people still resent Arnold's banterings. Some were found to be irreverent; others, it was said, were too often repeated. They really, however, made the world a merrier place than it is to-day. Whom have we to replace Arnold—who possesses his fine instinct, his literary judgment, his splendid common-sense? Here was one who came from the Church of England, who accepted its formulæ, and who found Dissenters uncomfortable beings to be shut up with for "bed and board." When he was a travelling inspector of schools these Lights of Nonconformity often gave him a bad time. I know those Lights of Nonconformity so well; and they have often given me a bad time. But they—the most wearisome of them—have and had many underlying virtues, and Arnold, it is clear, fully recognised this. He set himself to work to make the worst specimens impossible. And he has succeeded. I do not hesitate to assert that it is from this class that Arnold more or less despised—the Philistine and commercial class—that the bulk of his readers are now drawn—that the bulk of the readers of all the best literature of to-day are drawn. And we owe it to Arnold that thousands in England are less Philistine and less commercial because he lived and wrote.

That shelf containing Matthew Arnold's poetry and prose is not the least precious in my library. There are the *Alaric* and the *Cromwell,* neither of them, I am sorry to say, in first editions, although the first looks as if it were :—

Alaric at Rome. A Prize Poem, recited in Rugby School, June XII. MDCCCXL. Rugby: Combe and Crossley, 1840.

There are some seven copies only known to exist, but one of them has been facsimiled by Mr. Thomas Wise, and here—thanks to him—is a copy in plain white vellum binding.

More simple is the *Cromwell,* of which the first edition ran as follows :—

Cromwell. A Prize Poem, recited in the Theatre, Oxford, June 28, 1843, *by Matthew Arnold, Balliol College, Oxford. Printed and Published by J. Vincent,* 1843.

This little book in drab wrappers is now exceedingly rare. Arnold sold the copyright for ten pounds, so that the book never got into his collected writings until the copyright was exhausted.

I was responsible for the earliest reprint of *Alaric* and *Cromwell* in book form—a volume made by Messrs. Ward and Lock for their *Nineteenth Century Classics,* to which Dr. Garnett contributed an Introductory Essay. There were, however, two similar issues of *Cromwell* to the first edition—one in 1863 and the other in 1891—and the latter is still on sale by Messrs. Shrimpton, of Oxford. Leaving these two early efforts, we come to

"*The Strayed Reveller and Other Poems,*" *by* "*A.*" *London: B. Fellowes, Ludgate Street,* 1849.

Even more scarce is the

"*Empedocles on Etna and Other Poems,*" *by* "*A.*" *London: B. Fellowes, Ludgate Street,* 1852.

That volume, my friend Mr. Thomas Smart, the well-known Arnold bibliographer, informs us, was withdrawn from circulation before fifty copies were sold. Much interest must have been excited in it when, many years later, Mr. Swinburne wrote his fine appreciation in the *Fortnightly Review.* Both these little green volumes I rejoice to possess, and very similar in appearance are two volumes, one entitled :

"*Poems,*" *by Matthew Arnold. A New Edition. Longmans.* 1853,

and

"*Poems*," *by Matthew Arnold. Second Series. Longmans.* 1855.

The first of these editions contained, in addition to much from the earlier volumes, "Sohrab and Rustum" and "The Scholar Gipsy." The second contained "Balder Dead." I have both the first edition and the "second edition" of 1854 of the first series of Poems. Some of the copies—those that did not sell—of the 1854 volume were marked "First Series" when the Second Series appeared, but not my copy. *Merope, A Tragedy*, appeared in 1858, with the title-page,

Merope, A Tragedy, by Matthew Arnold. London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans and Roberts, 1858.

This is not so valuable as the others. My copy cost me only 5s., although it has written in it, "With the author's compliments." The copy of "Empedocles on Etna" in my possession, on the other hand, is marked £3 15s., and I have no doubt more is paid for copies to-day. In any case, even an Arnold should not write in his books, "With the author's compliments." Ultimate fame may be yours, but before it arrives your presentation copies will most of them reach the secondhand bookshops.

At this stage my collection of Mr. Arnold's poetry ceases to become interesting. When he reached the dignity of collected editions, one gives a natural preference to the complete three-volumed edition known as the Library Edition, published in 1885, although for convenience of handling, when one wants to refer to Matthew Arnold, the popular edition in one volume is most handy; and is worth keeping with an eye to that "country cottage" to which, with a secondary library, every bookman aspires. I always in any case turn to one-volumed editions of poets by preference; but that, perhaps, is rather a journalist's point of view.

There are, however, two Arnold treasures in my library that I count as particularly important. The one is "St. Brandan," published in 1867; the other, "Geist's Grave," in 1881. "St. Brandan" has the following title-page:

"*St. Brandan*," *by Matthew Arnold. E. W. Skipwith.* 1867.

This poem originally appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* in 1860, and it was reprinted in the "New Poems" in 1867. Considerable value, however, attaches to this little book of twelve pages in a brown-paper wrapper. The other, "Geist's Grave," bears the title:

"*Geist's Grave*," *by Matthew Arnold. London. Printed only for a few friends.* 1881.

This is a little twelve-page pamphlet, in a lavender cover, with a black border. It was originally contributed to the *Fortnightly Review* for January, 1881, and reprinted in "Poems" the same year. Copies were sent to Arnold's son, to whom the dog Geist had belonged, and who was then in Australia:—

> Nor to us only art thou dear
> Who mourn thee in thine English home,
> Thou hast thine absent master's tear,
> Dropt by the far Australian foam.

The prose on one's shelves that one owes to Arnold is far more formidable in quantity, but most of it is easily obtainable. Few people, however, know of the existence of a privately printed pamphlet,

"*Hamlet Once More*," *by An Old Playgoer.*

It is a reprint of an article that appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* for October 23rd, 1884—an article that has all Arnold's characteristic mannerisms, although even the enthusiastic Mr. Thomas Smart does not seem to have identified it. Of the various works by Arnold on criticism, theology, and politics that line one's shelves little need be said bibliographically.

"*England and the Italian Question*," *by Matthew Arnold* (*London: Longman, Green, Longman and Roberts*, 1859), is the first in order, and is still the most valuable, although originally published at one shilling. But the two green cloth volumes of Homer Lectures are not to be despised, the more especially if, guided again by Mr. Smart,* you pick up the volume called

Last Words on Translating Homer,

and not the rebound form of the same sheets, lettered

Lecture on Homer—Last Words.

One has a natural preference for the volume, *On the Study of Celtic Literature*, in the form in which it appeared in 1867 rather than in the Popular Edition, desirable as it was to make more generally known a book that has been so powerful and effective in indicating the importance of Celtic influences in literature. To raise the point with regard to these essays, which by the way were first published in the *Cornhill Magazine*, that Arnold was not a Celtic scholar was childish in the extreme.

It was a greater happiness to possess *Friendship's Garland* in its white binding of 1871, before Smith, Elder and Co. imitated the cover in their long-delayed new edition of 1897. I paid Mr. Maggs £1 14s. for my "first edition." It is still an undiluted pleasure to possess *Culture and Anarchy* in its fine octavo form of 1869. As for *Literature and Dogma*, you may possess any edition, from the first in 1873 to the fifth in 1876, without great loss, and in the fifth you will gain the references to the Bible quotations which were here given for the first time. But in the Popular Edition of 1883 you will suffer much condensation of the text—not to its advantage. Mr. Arnold has declared that of all his books in prose *Literature and Dogma* was "the most important and the most capable of being useful." With fullest recognition of the charm of *Essays in Criticism*, it is easy to agree with him. The book cleared away much cant, and it is to be hoped that some day a Liberal Theologian will arise to edit it and to reprint the original text. Of a certain reference to "three Lord Shaftesburys" Arnold wrote in his preface to the Popular Edition:—

> "The illustration has given pain, I am told, in a quarter where my deference, and the deference of all who can appreciate one of the purest careers and noblest characters of our time, is indeed due; and finding that in that quarter pain has been given by the illustration, I do not hesitate to expunge it."

But that was a long time ago, and all the people are dead who were concerned. One is bewildered to think how many Lord Shaftesburys have followed the "Good Earl," who is beginning to be remembered mainly by Mr. Gilbert's ludicrous Mercury opposite the Pavilion Music Hall in Piccadilly Circus. Meanwhile in the history of English Theology Arnold's "Three Lord Shaftesburys" has its

* "The Bibliography of Matthew Arnold." Compiled and edited by Thomas Burnett Smart. (London: J. Davy and Sons, 137, Long Acre. 1892.)

own place, and must necessarily crop up continually. Nothing is more certain than that among the ministers of religion and the laymen with whom my early years were passed the outlook upon the Trinity was precisely as Arnold described it, and yet how much better it was than the harsher conception that had prevailed among the same kind of people a generation earlier.

With another privately printed little volume I think I have exhausted my shelf devoted to Matthew Arnold's writings, although I close without even naming some twenty volumes. It is called:

On Home Rule for Ireland. Two Letters to the "Times," by Matthew Arnold. London: Privately Printed, 1891.

We are told that only twenty-five copies were issued. Perhaps one cares and cared for Arnold less as a Politician than as a Poet, a Critic, and a Theologian. It is not, however, my province to discuss Matthew Arnold as a writer, but merely to note that he has a growing bibliographical importance, in spite of the fact that his reputation has been killed from a biographical point of view. You may buy the two volumes of his *Letters*, published at twenty-four shillings, for about four shillings and sixpence, and one sees no sign of a second edition. No attempt has been made, and probably no attempt will now be made, at a really artistic *Memoir*. In this respect Arnold's father, although so entirely inferior, was more fortunate. When one recalls the way in which the memory of that excellent but over-rated clergyman, Frederick Robertson of Brighton, was preserved by the literary talent of Mr. Stopford Brooke, and the memory of John Sterling by the genius of Carlyle, one cannot but sigh over the biographical eclipse of Matthew Arnold

THOMAS HOOD AND *PUNCH*.

ALTHOUGH the occasion of the centenary of Thomas Hood has drawn forth many an appreciative article, and although Canon Ainger has devoted a delightful volume to his poems, no one has attempted to draw up a list of his writings with any pretension to completeness. Tom Hood, in the touching "Memorials" of his father, declined to enter formally on the hopeless task, although he made such notes as were in his power—notes, however, which were not always quite correct or well-informed. He drew up a tentative sort of list of Thomas Hood's contributions to *Punch*; but he was not supplied with the facts which are now for the first time set before the reader. The record here following may be accepted as complete.

It may be remembered that when *Punch* first started, it professed to present among the contributions of favourite humorous writers examples of Hood's "punmanship." Hood, who had never heard of the paper, declared himself alike astonished and offended at *Punch's* audacity; yet within two years he was contributing the numerous specimens of verbal quips and cranks which, after an interval, led up to the important verses by some of which he is still remembered.

1. (Page 111, vol. iv. 1844). "Whys and Whens. By an eminent Professor." Eight conundrums and their answers, such as, "When is a lady like a trout? When she takes a Fly that brings her to the Bank." "Why is a bird a greedy creature? Because it never eats less than a peck."

2. (Page 115). "Epigram, on 'The Tuft Hunter,' by Lord W. Lennox"—(whose plagiaristic effrontery is one of the curiosities of stolen literature):

> A Duke once declared—and most solemnly too—
> That whatever he liked with his own he would do;
> But the son of a Duke has gone farther, and shown
> He will do what he likes with what isn't his own!

3. (P. 116). Conundrum: "Why is 'Yes' the most ignorant word in the language? Because it doesn't 'No' anything."

4. (P. 119). "Whys and Whens. By an eminent Professor." Eight conundrums and answers.

5. (P. 125). Three conundrums and answers.

6. (P. 131). Five conundrums and answers.

7. (P. 132). Four conundrums and answers.

8. (P. 166). "Whys and Whens. By an eminent Professor." Six conundrums and answers.

This last contribution appeared on April 22nd, 1843, and not until November 18th did Hood resume. Then came a striking poem, a column in length, of seventy-five lines. Father Mathew's crusade was all that time agitating the public mind. *Punch* declared for what he called the Father's "Pollyputthekettleonicon." Douglas Jerrold wrote an article explanatory of Kenny Meadows' twin cartoons, "The Water Drop—The Gin Drop"; and Hood burst forth with his admirable—

9. (P. 223, vol. iv.) "A Drop of Gin!" which is reprinted in the ten-volume edition of his works.

10. (P. 260). "The Song of the Shirt." Eleven eight-line stanzas. From the printed version in *Punch* one verse is omitted. In the collected works the missing verse has been set up from the original MS.

It may here be remarked that on p. 263 of *Punch* appears "A Corporation Carol for Christmas," which has, I have seen, been attributed to Hood. It was written, however, by Percival Leigh.

11. (P. 269). "The Pauper's Christmas Funeral." Seven nine-line stanzas.

12. (P. 14, vol. vi. 1844). "Reflections on New Year's Day." Five four-line verses, with the first repeated.

13. (P. 73). "The Awful State of Ireland." A column prose article, signed "A Saxon," written in the style of damaged orthography which Thackeray was afterwards to make his own. The article deals with a letter which Lord Eldon had read in the Upper House—"from witch it appear, as to I-burn-ye, alias Ireland, even in the most bewtiful distrix insted of bein in Paradis, the more youre Blest the more youre Cust."

14. (P. 118). "A Dream." Poem of 108 lines. The last contribution, written when the author was suffering the pain of his mortal illness.

M. H. Spielmann.

THE BRITISH SHORT STORY.

"THE British Short story? There is no such thing! In these benighted islands"—so here and there goes the cry among the lamps of criticism—"the Short story is not written (except by one not an Englishman, and another now a critic), but bungled; is not appreciated, but

derided; has no existence except in name. Here a thousand and one gentlemen who write with ease devote their energies to the bungling of the Tale, to painting with a mop and carving with a pickaxe, to dropping puppets into nasty little plots and recording their antics in affected and stiff-jointed English, to grinding out Pot-boilers, concocting Little Novels, diluting with vulgarity and water their precious little notions of life and men and women and things. Now"—so doth the cry continue, its note ringing now through the glooms of theory—"the Short story, as written by Frenchmen and artists, is not this or that, but something quite other than either, something very far removed indeed from these products of British bungling. It is a thing of beauty, delicacy, natural selection; an essence (ah, now we have it!), a perfume, a distillation. Your true artist—your Frenchman and one other—strives not to cover pages, to concoct, to dilute; he distils, places an impression in his alembic and distils laboriously, till in the end is left of his impression but an essential soul, a significant essence, a crystal thing, delicate, savoury, beautifully wrought—a piece of artistry, in a word, the Short story as it is written in France and not written here, the *conte* of Maupassant, of Loti, of Daudet, of a dozen others."

It is excellent, this theorising—so far as it goes; it is true, this generalising—to some extent. No doubt on earth that, as compared with the French, we are in matters literary but a nation of bunglers; no doubt either that amongst us the Short story, so called, is often a pitiful affair; of that theory of the essences one must avow admiration; but all this, mind you, with reservations, and reservations not inconsiderable. You cannot find truth with a bucket; all the beauties of the world do not lie within one's own garden patch; quite impossible does it seem to cover any question of opinion—even of the Short story—with the skirts of any the broadest theory. And clearly does it seem impossible to apply this theory of the essences to all forms of the Short story by whomsoever and wherever written; and absurd to demand that in conformity with the terms of this theory shall the British Short story be written and judged.

Given a certain section of society, presenting certain individuals of certain ways of life—a drawing-room section, for example, full of Apollos in coats and Dianas in porcelain—and it is possible to construct a theory, such as this of the essences, which may serve our artist in his efforts to mirror its life within the limits of a Short story. Given another and a different section of society—say our great middle-class section, wherein are only average men and God-fearing women—and here again one can imagine our artist resigning himself to the tyranny of a theory, but not the essence theory, and decidedly not the theory whose terms might satisfy should he seek inspiration among that inferior order of beings whose ways, we are told, are vulgar and brutal, or among the unsophisticated peasants who still, in these latter days of decadence and perfumery, preserve the fine old tradition of British manhood and character. Among all these, doubtless, can our artist find much inspiration and many stories, but not always the same kind of inspiration and never the same stories, never the same types of character, or rules of conduct, or ordering of life; not always the same impressions wherewith to fill his crucible, but impressions which now may yield but perfumed essences, and now mere realities of everyday flesh and blood, and now only simple records of simplicity and humour. And always, one thinks, be it essences he is distilling, or realities painting, or plain humours recording, the artist who is master of his craft will achieve something that shall conform not so much to any preconceived theories of his art as simply to the nature of his subject. Other times, he may think, other manners; so, he may add, other manners, other stories; he being taught of the gods that whilst, on occasion, the interests of his art may demand only distillations and perfumeries, so assuredly, the occasion being different, they will rest satisfied with mere records, descriptions, portraits, characterisations. Only, his art must be faithful, his instinct unerring. He must have great patience and a whole heartful of sympathy. He must have humour, insight, the power of knowing. Theories he will abhor; to stand and wait will be his watchword; not often shall you find him straying beyond his limitations. And never shall you find him confounding essences and realities; never casting Hodge into his crucible, or carving Joan upon a cherrystone, or hewing out Aminta's features with brutal pickaxe. No use at all, he will tell you, to go seeking boudoir impressions among the byeways of Whitechapel; no use your psychologist carrying his subtleties to Troy Town and The Delectable Duchy. Imagine, he will say, Maupassant setting down his crucible among the weavers of Thrums, or Mr. Henry James in a Lisconnell cabin, flashing his scalpel through the smoke-dried anatomy of Mrs. Kilfoyle or the Widow McGurk! Essences and distillations? Perfumes and powder? They are admirable: but art is not all Liebig; life not altogether a rainbow.

Seeing, then, that the British Short story (so called) has not, so far, conformed to the essence theory, are we therefore to assume that in accord with some other aspect of art and life it may not and does not exist? Surely not. For some there are, artists among them, who care nothing for the manners of drawing-room and boudoir; and many there are, writers and readers both, so many indeed that you might call them a nation, whose eyes are turned towards those who yield in life and story not distillations but plain realities, men of flesh and blood, women of worth and substance, peasants, workers, doers, children of the sun and the fields, dwellers upon mountain and sea, sons of the pen and the sword—all those, in a word, whose stories are written in the books and hearts of a people. So that, as it happens, of the essences we have but a volume or two, admirable of their kind and deserving highest honour amongst us; whilst of the realities, so to call them, we have whole armsful, and it is among these, one thinks, here a volume and there a volume, that your critic without a theory may discover the British Short story—not the Story so called, not your diluted pot-boiler, not your perfumed distillation, not any piece of bungling and vulgarity; not this or that, but Stories that are alive and have blood in them, things of beauty and worth, things not garnered from the bottom of alembic or crucible, but gathered in broad day as among heather and pine woods upon our native hills.

Heather, hill, and pine wood; peasant, fisher, weaver; soldier, sailor, citizen: surely it is well to read of these, to know them and their stories, to be with them often; are, at least, one and all no less worthy of artistic treatment in

Tale or Story than the gilded folk of boudoir and drawing-room, the perfumed gentry who furnish impression and sentiment for crucible and stock-pot. And surely it is good, be one reader or author or critic, to strive always for the broader outlook, the wider horizon; to clear one's mind of prejudice, to lift one's eyes from the beauties of that dainty garden-patch and to look out generously upon the glories of the world. By all means let us have the essences: in no wise let us neglect the realities. Shan F. Bullock.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MULTIPLE REVIEWING.

To the Editor of The Bookman.

Mordant old Time has had for ages a grim joy over the pit-falls and the discomfiture of critics—before and since the days when they haughtily told Virgil that he was unable to write Latin. But now that we are to be dragged into the unfamiliar day-light, forced to look a trusting public in the face—a public whose soul is wrung at the bare notion of swerving one iota from sane critical justice—and say whether or not in the matter of the greatest epic published last week we were guilty of "undue influence": sir, it is an unprecedented ordeal.

Personally I might make a humble pilgrimage to the Reform Club, and assure an illustrious Doctor that I am not the craftiest of the Unhanged. Much of my work, such as it is, as a reviewer—that in a Sunday paper, a morning paper, and at least one weekly paper—bears either my name or my initials, so if I fall the true criminal can be traced by even an ordinary detective. But such is the energy which the gods have vouch-safed to the modern author, and such the industry of his hand, that I believe I might write for twenty papers, and still be very seldom called upon by my callous editorial friends to deal twice or thrice with the same book. But enough—it were base to take the mean and more than doubtful advantage of this suggested pilgrimage and apologia. The new Adrastus, fighting not his own but another's or principle's battle, will spare none in Thebes.

So far as I know, there is not much multiple reviewing, while what there is seems appreciative, and I await a manifesto from the Society of Authors giving the moral law upon this aspect of the matter. Multiple reviewing under certain conditions need not shock either the moral or the literary sense. Suppose (if it is not too wild a supposition) that the critic is an honest person with something of a literary temperament and some acquaintance with accepted literature, suppose that in the judgment of lynx-eyed and exacting editors he knows the difference between literature and artifice, little harm would be done, taking the broad view, if he wrote on the same book in more than one paper. If the new work is at all appreciable he is likely to be friendly, but not extravagant (true, this may not suit the popular novelist, but it is to the interest of literature). I doubt that the question very often arises, and in any case, if an impartial third party like the editor is satisfied that the reviewer will do justice to the author, will judge his work in the light of certain permanent principles of art and life, there can be little matter for complaint in the long run. Are our popular authors, by the way, afraid of the higher tests of literature?

When all is said, reviewing as a rule is merely a means to an end, mainly good advice at the best. It is intended, or ought to be intended, to send readers to special books, or it tries, or ought to try, to measure current work by the salient, accepted achievements in kindred fields, or bring any new insight to bear upon theme and labour. If it adds to the reader's knowledge, stimulates his imagination, brings before him a vista of old felicity, or suggests a new path for his reverie, it is well. But it is seldom the solemn finality that Dr. Doyle seems to think. No doubt there is criticism which says the last word, criticism, too, which is almost literature; but it scarcely comes once in an age. Great critics are as rare as great novelists, and I am not sure that our popular authors have a grudge against Destiny on that account. And I doubt that the true and wise artist is often greatly troubled on the subject of reviewing at all. He feels that if his work is true, though it may be long after his last word is said, and he has had his own joy of it, it will go to be a new enkindling spirit in that nobler empire of high mind which lives in every age and is the great link of all, an empire in whose affections there is change indeed, but not caprice; for beauty and truth and the things that enshrine and express them it loves in many forms and shades.

On the other hand the "popular" author—but I am taking the contemporary artificer too seriously. He deserves no pity. The world is far too well with him. With (let us say) the intrinsic pleasure of work and the vivifying materialism of half-yearly or quarterly royalties his paths are paths of pleasantness. Prosperity and adulation and the paragraphists have spoiled him. He has lost the sense of proportion, of the acute ordeal of life, of the "tears of things." His very boots are popular, and to be known as his tailor is a man's making. If his morning's bacon is overdone an empire mourns, and his people have uneasy dreams through many nights if his summer yacht is nonplussed in a squall in one of the thoughtless moods of that Nature which is so frigidly indifferent to the objects of "popularity." Just now a new Lucretius might picture the Nature of things suddenly finding voice and addressing him: "What ails thee, O mortal, to let thyself loose in too feeble grievings? . . . for there is nothing more that I can contrive and invent for thy delight." (Of course I cannot carry the parallel further, for the Roman poet turns to death and nothingness.) And this "banqueter full of life" is the potentate that would send the hapless reviewer, who is sometimes not on speaking terms with his landlady or his milkman, among the outcast peoples! The despot! But absolutism and undue popularity have ever made the human heart as the dried and fallen September leaves. W. P. Ryan.

To the Editor of The Bookman.

Dear Sir,—May I be permitted, as one who has just entered the literary field, and who has himself been a reviewer, to express some points which seem to him to represent pretty fairly the real facts of the situation in reviewing—especially multiple reviewing.

The public does not recognise—although it should be known well enough—that real criticism is an art requiring an extensive range of previous reading, a kindly knowledge of human nature, and a prehensile feeling for the transient taste of the many. The ideal reviewer is, at the least, a man potential of producing book-work himself, but who by accident of circumstance has glided into criticism. Above all, then, he should be well equipped.

Now three-fourths of reviewers are nothing of the kind. On the contrary, the first job the sucking journalist is set is nearly always to "do" the books. He often does for them. For this young journalist's print is backed by the authority of a newspaper, and some of the public still believe he is speaking with the mind of the editor.

Reviewing is often not worth the while of those who are best qualified to conduct it, and while the present method of writing "notices" prevails, it is surely better that good men should have all the scope possible, for it is better to have a little good than much bad. This can only be done by multiple reviewing.

For the bad are continually assuming an amusing omniscience, which deceives the incautious reader. A ridiculous instance of incompetent pretension occurred recently in the columns of a literary weekly. Some recently emancipated undergraduate who had been let loose upon that paper was good enough to tell me of a book on which I had spent some five years of exhaustive and scientifically conducted research, that "my facts were creditably mastered." On this particular subject there are at this moment not a dozen men in England who are qualified so to write. Yet this raw youngster—I hope he was a youngster—in order that he might be smart, proceeded to pooh-pooh that of which he did not know the elements. I know his conduct was contemptible—as, indeed, he does in his heart—but where is my remedy? Now this bungling 'prentice hand is the bane of all reviewing; I would rather any time have a good man "slate" me than a coxcomb sit in judgment, even to praise.

The only feasible plan is to have a few capable reviewers, who sign their names, to write for many journals, if need be. There would be some weight about reviews then. A little con-

science is what we want in reviewing—and impartiality. Both, sir, you supply; would that there were more like you.

Conscience and competence can be acquired *only* by making men responsible, so I, for one, would rather see multiple reviewing, where the reviewer can be identified, than the present absurd system which allows any crude amateur to run loose upon the work of men of mature knowledge of their craft. —I am, sir, yours faithfully, BERNARD HAMILTON.

Hindhead, July 4th.

THE JOURNALIST.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

The death of Mr. J. Thackray Bunce, so soon after his retirement from the editorship of the *Birmingham Daily Post*, came as a painful surprise to his friends and former colleagues, who had hoped for him, in spite of his advanced age, a long period of leisure, relieved by occupation in the many works of public usefulness with which he had associated himself. Mr. Bunce had returned on Friday, June 23rd, from visits to friends in Scotland and Yorkshire, and was apparently the better for the change. On the Sunday he complained of dyspepsia, and on the following Wednesday afternoon, June 28th, death took place from cardiac failure. Mr. Bunce, like many of Birmingham's distinguished citizens, was a Birmingham man only by adoption. He came as a boy of eleven with his family from Faringdon, in Berkshire, where he was born on April 11th, 1828. He was among the first pupils at one of the branch grammar schools which were then being started by the Governors of King Edward's foundation, a body of which at the time of his death he had been for some years one of the most prominent members. Apprenticed in the printing office of the *Midland Counties Herald*, he soon tried his hand at literary composition. An anonymous communication of his was inserted in the *Herald*, and it is noteworthy that its subject was the need of an art gallery and industrial museum, a project which he lived to help to carry into effect. An engagement as reporter on the *Midland Counties Herald* was followed by one on the staff of *Aris's Gazette*. He rose to be editor of that paper, but his Liberal sympathies and his final conversion to Liberalism, largely as the result of Mr. Bright's speeches, enabled him to accept in 1862 the editorship of the *Daily Post*. The use he made of the opportunities thus afforded him is common knowledge among journalists. No man could have been held in higher regard by his subordinates. Though a strict disciplinarian he so contrived to rule that those under him scarcely ever became conscious of the exercise of his authority, while his personal character secured for him a respect which enabled him to dispense with any assumption of social superiority. The loss sustained by the city and by his profession was attested by resolutions from many public bodies, including the City Council (which had made him an honorary freeman of Birmingham), the Museum and Art Gallery Committee, of which he was a member, and Mason University College, of which he was one of the original trustees, having been consulted by Sir Josiah Mason in the framing of the trust deed. The Press Club and the Birmingham and Midland Branch of the Institute of Journalists and the Council of the Institute voiced the feelings of his professional associates. The funeral took place on Monday, July 3rd, at Edgbaston Church. The Rev. Canon Cresswell Strange (vicar), the Rev. A. R. Vardy (head master of King Edward's High School), and the Rev. Bethune Baker (Cambridge), were among the clergy who officiated at a choral service which had been most beautifully and fittingly arranged. The coffin was carried by representatives of various departments in the *Daily Post* office, and the Lord Mayor and many other representatives of public bodies and philanthropic and educational institutions were present. Mr. Bunce was buried in the grave in which his wife was laid a few years ago, his two daughters, all that remained of his household, being among the mourners, with a large number of friends and fellow-workers of many years' standing.

Mr. Edward Hicks, who was articled to Mr. J. Lloyd Evans, of the *Warwickshire Advertiser*, and who has since been engaged on the *Blackpool Herald*, has received an appointment on the reporting staff of the *Birmingham Daily Post*.

Mr. Howard A. Gray, M.A., of the *Birmingham Daily Post* editorial staff, has been appointed editor of the *Daily Argus*, the Birmingham Liberal evening paper. Mr. Gray, who is a graduate of Aberdeen, began his journalistic career in his native country, having served at Edinburgh on the *Scottish Leader* and at Aberdeen. He came to Birmingham as sub-editor of the *Mail*, and in a few months was transferred by the proprietors to their morning paper, the *Post*, with which he has been associated since 1894. As a contributor to magazines and weeklies, as a member of literary coteries, and as an after-dinner speaker in Birmingham, Mr. Gray has made himself a considerable reputation, while among his journalistic confrères no man is held in higher esteem, professionally or socially. His wide experience in the sporting departments of journalism will prove specially serviceable to him in his new position. The general feeling in press circles in Birmingham is that Mr. Gray and the proprietors of the *Argus* are equally to be congratulated.

The members of the Bristol District of the Institute of Journalists had a pleasant outing one day last month. A small amount of business was transacted in the Council Chamber of the Municipal Buildings, the use of which had been granted by the mayor, and the members, about forty in number, were subsequently photographed in the yard of the ancient castle of Taunton. Next the members were driven in two brakes to Norton Manor, where they were entertained to luncheon by the owner, Mr. Wilfred Marshall, J.P., M.F.H., who has for many years been an honorary steward of the London Press Fund. The host proposed "The Bristol District and the Taunton and Gloucester Sub-Districts of the Institute of Journalists," and Mr. H. E. Roslyn, of Bristol, the President of the District, responded, and submitted the health of Mr. Marshall, which was cordially drunk. The members next inspected the beautiful and interesting grounds of the Manor, and on their departure had a drive over the Quantock Hills, returning to Taunton for tea. The proceedings closed with a vote of thanks to Mr. W. H. Mason, hon. sec. of the Taunton Sub-District, for the arrangements he had made for the gathering, which was described as the most successful summer meeting that had ever been held. The party included twenty-three members from Bristol, comprising some of the most prominent journalists of that city.

Mr. Stewart is leaving the sub-editorial staff of the *Bradford Daily Telegraph* for that of the *Leeds Daily News*.

Mr. J. H. Vinnicombe, of the sub-editorial staff of the *Sheffield and Rotherham Independent*, is joining the reporting staff of the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*.

Mr. D. W. M. Dawson, for seven years a member of the reporting staff of the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, has accepted the chief reportership of the *Newcastle Daily Leader*, in succession to Mr. W. Cuthbertson, who has been appointed editor of the *Morning Mail* in the same city.

Mr. John Kemp, of the Commercial Department (advertising) of the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, is leaving that city to take charge of the advertising department of the *Newcastle Daily Leader*.

Mr. A. E. Tallis, who for sixteen years has been on the reporting staff of the *Birmingham Daily Post*, has left to take the secretaryship of the Midland Centre of the National Building Trades Employers' Federation.

Mr. J. Emerson Neilly has gone out to South Africa as special correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Mr. Neilly has had previous experience in the Transvaal and Cape Colony, both as a journalist and a trooper.

Mr. Hamish Stewart, of the *Bradford Daily Telegraph*, has succeeded Mr. C. H. Heap as sub-editor of the *Leeds Daily News*.

Mr. T. H. Bryant, formerly of the *Sheffield Telegraph*, late of the *Bradford Daily Argus*, has joined the *Bullionist*.

Mr. T. J. Robertson, of the publishing department of the *Liverpool Daily Post*, was on July 15th presented by his colleagues with a travelling-bag, as a token of esteem, on leaving Liverpool to take charge of the *Daily Post* branch office at Earlestown. The presentation was made by Mr. J. Ellis.

Mr. J. P. Brodhurst has severed his connection, as an assistant editor, with the *St. James's Gazette*. Mr. Brodhurst has been on the staff of the paper over ten years. Mr. H. Chisholm, the editor of the *St. James's*, who has been ill, is better.

Mr. Gorman, at present on the staff of the *West Cumberland Times*, Cockermouth, sails next Thursday for India, where he has secured an appointment on the *Bombay Gazette*.

SCOTLAND.

Mr. James W. Wilson, of the Edinburgh office of the *North British Daily Mail*, has been transferred to the Glasgow office, having been appointed to the sub-editorial department. His place in the Edinburgh office has been taken by Mr. Charles W. Brown, from the *Berwick Times* and formerly of the *Scottish Leader*.

Mr. Alexander Grant, of the Edinburgh office of the *Glasgow Herald*, has taken the place in the Gallery staff of Mr. Robert, who died so suddenly on the 17th June.

Mr. A. W. Cullen, sub-editor of the *Aberdeen Journal*, has been appointed to represent the Aberdeen and North-East of Scotland District at the annual conference of the Institute of Journalists in Liverpool.

At the quarterly meeting of the Edinburgh District of the Institute of Journalists, Mr. James Smith and Mr. James Beveridge were elected delegates to the conference.

Mr. William Will, formerly of *Bon-Accord*, has joined the sub-editorial staff of the *Aberdeen Evening Express*.

Mr. W. D. Latto, who recently retired from the editorship of the *People's Journal* at Dundee, has just died in his seventy-eighth year.

IRELAND.

The half-yearly meeting of the Ulster District of the Institute of Journalists has recently been held at Portrush. A series of bye-laws for the better administration of the district was submitted, amended and approved. Arrangements were made for the annual conference at Liverpool, Messrs. R. H. H. Baird, Hugh Pearson, and J. E. Archibald being appointed delegates. A resolution was ordered to be submitted to conference *re* financial relations existing between central office and the districts. Subsequently the members of the district were entertained at dinner in the Northern Counties Hotel by Sir R. A. Taylor, Coleraine.

The death of Mr. Thomas Crosbie, proprietor of the *Cork Examiner*, at the age of seventy-one, removes from Irish journalism a very interesting personality. Mr. Crosbie was from an early age connected with the paper named, and on the death of John Francis Maguire, former Mayor of Cork and Member of Parliament, he became sole proprietor. In the days of the American War Mr. Crosbie made a good deal of money as a young man by means of a fast steamer which met the American liners off the Irish Coast, and conveyed the New York papers at once to Queeenstown, whence the latest news of the struggle was telegraphed to London. A few years ago Mr. Crosbie was President of the Institute of Journalists, and in that capacity became a universal favourite with the profession. His geniality, generosity, and humour were almost proverbial, and in every respect he was a splendid type of an Irish gentleman.

Mr. Friselle, of the *Wexford Press*, has been appointed assistant secretary of the Wexford County Council.

NEW BOOKS.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND THE BIBLE.*

1. The elaborate and weighty title gives in brief a table of contents, and saves the reviewer the usual preliminary descriptive paragraph. The book may be characterised, in the familiar phrase, as one which "meets a felt want." There is at the present day great need for a well-informed and trustworthy work on the subject. A large public craves information, and feels somewhat bewildered in the controversy as to whether archæology has or has not done anything for the study of antiquity. The archæologists say that it has done much; the pure scholars in this country say that it can do nothing except in the way of furnishing illustrations for the ancient literature, and little even in that way. Few recognise and say plainly that the greatest result of archæology is that method in classical study has been revolutionised since scientific archæology began. I do not assert causation, but only sequence in time; and I do not say that the revolution in method has been universal.

There is a danger that a book edited by the present able Director of the British School of Athens, and containing a contribution from his predecessor in that office, may be thought to be prejudiced in favour of archæology. That, however, is not the case. The editor has been fully on his guard; and in his brief prefatory remarks, he is almost as full in his statement of the dangers and weaknesses and errors of archæology as of its merits or services. In fact, to the over-ardent enthusiast like myself, the atmosphere of the book, in some parts, though not entirely, is a little chilly and depressing.

In a work of this kind two courses are open to the editor. He may go to the discoverers and ask them to give in their own words an estimate of the general bearing of what they have discovered, or he may go to competent scholars in the subject and ask them to estimate critically the bearing of the discoveries made by others. In each course there are advantages and disadvantages. The discoverer — that is, of course, the investigator who discovers by thought and scholarship and study combined with travel and work on the localities, not the mere finder of monuments which have to be interpreted by others—is apt to be prejudiced in favour of his own views, and perhaps also in favour of his own finds; but the critical scholar who writes from his study estimates coolly and without favour the value of the investigator's work. The general body of critical scholars will always prefer the latter kind to the former; and, if the critical estimator is so much on his guard against over-estimating the value of discoveries that he tends to err a little in the way of undervaluing them, this will be reckoned the safe side towards which he ought to tend.

On the other hand it may be doubted whether the critical exposition is likely to produce a result either so interesting to the public or so stimulating to young scholars as that of the original investigator. The colder method, while avoiding passion and prejudice, is apt to miss the fire and the life. Truth, after all, is vital and living, not cold and dead; and history fails if it degenerates into anatomy.

Mr. Hogarth, the editor, prefers the critical method; and he has chosen his coadjutors well. Some of them avoid with great skill and taste the dangers to which the method is liable; but the suspicion suggests itself that the atmosphere of vitality in which, for example, Mr. Haverfield's and Mr. Headlam's work moves (to mention what I am most familiar with personally) is due to their importing into it something of the spirit of the traveller and discoverer. Mr. Haverfield stands in the first rank as an explorer and excavator in one department of the wide subject which he treats. Few have seen so thoroughly and sympathetically as Mr. Headlam the lands where his subject lies.

The largest part of the book, pp. 1-152, entitled "Hebrew Authority," is written by Dr. Driver. It exhibits all the admirably co-ordinated and accurate knowledge that we associate with his name, but it leaves on one's mind the impression that the writer has been too much on his guard against over-estimating the services that discovery has rendered to his subject, and occasionally one feels that he is rather an advocate pleading for one side than a judge summing up the case. The prejudice of the discoverer would, undoubtedly, be a drawback in this work; but polemic against the prejudices of some discoverers seems to be equally detrimental. It is not without significance that Dr. Driver, in the solitary reference which he makes to Dr. G. A. Smith's brilliant "Historical Geography," selects for special commendation what appeared to my humble judgment to be probably the weakest sentence in that able book: "that a story accurately reflects geography does not necessarily mean that it is a real transcript of history—else were the Book of Judith the truest man ever wrote, instead of being what it is, a pretty piece of fiction." The first part of the sentence denies with axiomatic certainty an absurd statement which I doubt if any rational being ever made. The second part, if it means that from an absurd principle an absurd inference might be drawn, is equally axiomatic and uninstructive. But, if Dr. Smith and Dr. Driver mean that a proper application of geographical reasoning to Judith would give that absurd conclusion, then I venture to say that they are woefully wrong. In reviewing Dr. Smith's book, I was strongly tempted to illustrate from Judith the inadequacy of the statement, but refrained, chiefly from want of space, partly also because the sentence

* 1. "Authority and Archæology Sacred and Profane." Essays on the Relation of Monuments to Biblical and Classical Literature. By S. R. Driver, E. A. Gardner, F. H. Griffith, F. Haverfield, A. C. Headlam, D. G. Hogarth, with an introductory chapter on the Nature of Archæology by the Editor. Edited by D. G. Hogarth. (London: John Murray, 1899.) Price 16s.

2. "Recent Archæology and the Bible." By Rev. T. Nicol, D.D. (Edinburgh: Blackwood, 1899.) Price 9s. net.

seemed not to be on the level of the book as a whole, and to be a momentary and hardly conscious lapse from the spirit that breathes through it.

The most useful conclusion to this brief notice of an excellent book will be to add a few corrections. On p. 349 Mr. Headlam, quoting Dr. Hort's statement that the Greek word *meris* never denotes simply a region, province, or any geographical division, adds that it was "absolutely correct, so far as our knowledge went," until papyri revealed the geographical use of *meris*. In my "Church in the Roman Empire" I could quote *meris* only from papyri; but elsewhere I have pointed out that Strabo uses *meris* to indicate a division of Pontus, of Syria, and of Thrace. The statement was contrary to knowledge easily accessible at the time when Dr. Hort wrote, but there is a dangerous habit among classical scholars of making very positive assertions about geographical usage without consulting the leading Greek or Latin geographers.

On p. 375 the same writer mentions an inscription, "headed by the letters alpha and omega with the monogram of Christ between," and says that nothing in the inscription "implies a date later than the third century." But that form of the monogram is unknown, so far as my knowledge reaches, before 313; and it occurs in many dated examples during the two centuries following 355. The inscription must, I think, be assigned to the fourth century, A.D. 330-350; but I should be glad to find that Mr. Headlam is right, and I wrong. It is, however, certain that the prevailing opinion would place the inscription at least as late as I have put it.

On p. 391 ὅπλῳ ἐπιχρύσῳ is not rightly interpreted. It does not mean "a golden implement," but a gilt shield, on which the name of the person honoured was engraved or his portrait painted.

There is much more now to be said about the inscription quoted on p. 381. German discovery has added much information (not, I think, rightly understood by the discoverers), and opened a new field of Jewish-Christian investigation.

2. There remains little space to describe Dr. T. Nicol's book, in which are published the Croall Lectures for 1898. The first seven lectures are devoted to the Old Testament, and only one to the New. The short space available for the New Testament prevents the author from doing more than merely skimming the surface of that subject; and we may therefore neglect the final chapter, and characterise the book as being a study of the same questions to which Dr. Driver has been simultaneously giving his attention. The two studies will be, and ought to be, read together by many. Considering the circumstances of their delivery—the Croall Lectures are connected with the Church of Scotland,* and are delivered in a church—we may be prepared to find that Dr. Nicol's lectures state rather strongly the effect of recent archæological discovery in corroborating the trustworthiness of the Bible, and that the speaker should be much further removed than Dr. Driver in the calm of a scholar's study from attaining the ideal of a complete statement of the whole case in all its bearings. Sometimes Dr. Nicol approaches suspiciously near suggesting the inerrancy of the Bible—a course which, apart from any other objection that might be made to it, is a mistake in strategy. It is at present absolutely forbidden even to hint at the inerrancy of anything in this universe except a German commentator on the Bible. Dr. Nicol would have probably attained his object better if he had aimed at a little less, and he seems to overstrain the evidence. But he has at least produced a very readable and well-informed account of Old Testament archæological investigation and speculation, setting the facts before a general and popular audience in an interesting and seductive way, which makes one desire to study the subject more deeply. One could imagine that his book might give birth to a new investigator, and that Dr. Driver's more learned and judicial pages might perhaps kill the young investigator in his infancy by cold and inanition.

It would have been a great convenience for the reader who wishes not merely to read, but also to use the books afterwards, if a list of passages in the Bible illustrated or quoted were added. Perhaps this proceeding may seem to be below the rather elevated and superior plane on which the former book moves; but it would be a practically useful addition to both in a second edition.

* So in practice: in theory with the Presbyterian Churches.

LORD ROSEBERY'S ADDRESSES AND APPRECIATIONS.*

Not one politician in a thousand could prudently permit his non-official utterances to be published in this separate form. Only into an unobtrusive seventh volume might they be shovelled, and only on the melancholy pretext of completeness. But Lord Rosebery's can brave notice on their own account, and for qualities and features which are extremely rare. These addresses and appreciations, literary, civic, social, and other, obey the laws of an art that is too little understood among us. All of them have been spoken; a consciousness of that is the first condition of adjudging their value. When Burke or Burns, Stevenson or Wallace, was the subject, the occasion forbade to this orator, who really knew his business, any complicated analysis, any detailed study, even the presentation of any very novel point of view. Such would have fatigued or puzzled his audience, or set half of them at variance with him. Lord Rosebery is too graceful, too quick-witted to make the mistake of the merely bookish man. On the other hand, he has avoided the opposite error of uttering only pleasant generalities of an incontrovertible kind, calculated to offend no susceptibilities and designed to save the speaker all effort of thinking. There is in these short addresses the flavour of past thought, the suggestiveness that springs from rich experience, with the good breeding that supposes ample interest and information in his hearers. He speaks not as pedagogue, but as the interpreter of the readiest thought of an intelligent audience; and to the interpretation he devotes the graces of a prompt and graceful speech, a quick wit, a fund of apt allusion. The skill to associate himself with his audience is the main art of the occasional orator—a difficult art, requiring restraint, reticence, and suppression of self. These addresses, where the art is seen in perfection, might be used as models by the large number of persons who have opportunities of addressing their fellow-citizens quite out of proportion to their knowledge how to shine in them. And the subjects are various enough for the purpose: Burke, Burns, Gladstone, London, the Duty of Public Service, Scottish History, the Happy Town Councillor, and Sport, to name but a selection.

We have omitted to mention the other condition of success in this kind of oratory—to make at least one point, striking, yet not too obvious, not insulting to the most intelligent hearers, and very well within the comprehension of the rest. Having put himself at one with them, he must give them something to carry away, or to put it otherwise, he must provide for the reporter. So here, Lord Rosebery, in his pathetic picture of the great statesman, the great political philosopher, the orator of genius, who was not listened to in his lifetime, who saw none of his schemes or dreams come to fruition, who had the poor success that should silence grumbling mediocrities; again in his consideration of what love of letters does for the statesman, and of the great contrast presented in this regard by the lives of Gladstone and Parnell; again in his humorous comparison between the miserable servant of the State at Westminster, who neglects his private business, his family, and throws his individual taste to the winds, and sees his pet measures fail and delay, and the happy man who devotes himself to municipal service, who lives prosperous in the midst of a well-cared-for family, and sees his reforms, if it only be the erection of a new pump, grow up proudly under his very nose—in these pictures and contrasts, and there is, at least, one in each of the addresses, he proves that the second art of the occasional orator is instinctively his own. In this kind of exercise only Mr. Birrell rivals him. Mr. Birrell shows more wit, perhaps equal grace; but the forms and rules of the art are seen in clearest evidence in the addresses of Lord Rosebery.

DR. BRANDES ON IBSEN.†

The translators and the editor of these studies deserve hearty thanks for presenting to English readers the ablest volume of criticism which they have had the chance of examining for a long time back. It is the portions relating to Ibsen I

* Appreciations and Addresses, delivered by Lord Rosebery. Edited by Charles Geake. 5s. net. (Lane.)

† "Henrik Ibsen. Bjornstjerne Björnson. Critical Studies by George Brandes." Translated by Jessie Muir and Mary Morison. Edited by William Archer. 10s. (Heinemann.)

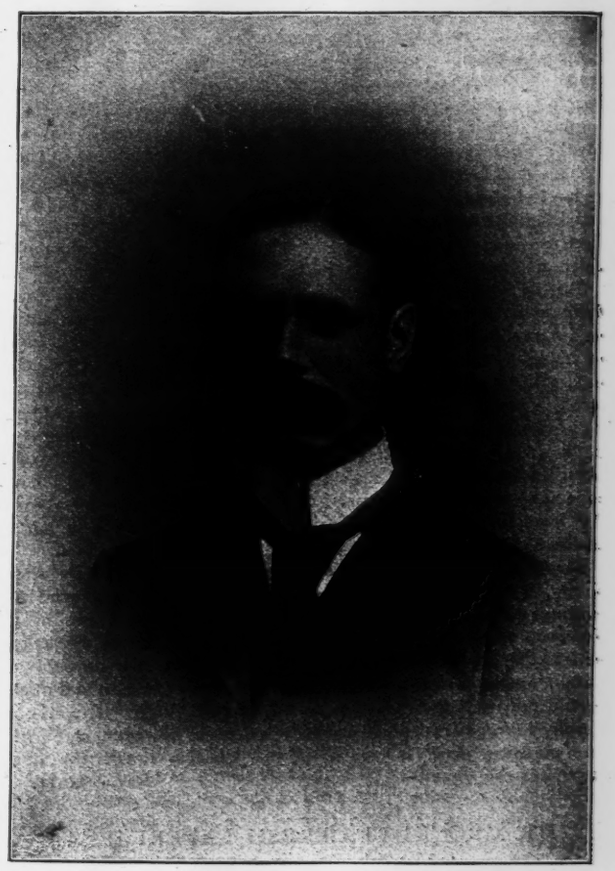
specially refer to. The essay on Björnson is much inferior, and is more incomplete than Mr. Archer will allow. But this does not greatly matter. The course of Björnson's development has to be accounted for; but that done, he is easy enough to understand. The papers on Ibsen, written, respectively, in 1867, when he was unknown here, in 1882, when he was known to very few, and in 1898, may not say the last word about that strange genius, who seems to be less understood in England the more he is played and talked about, but some will think that they say the only really coherent words about his work which they have ever read in English. They deal with a mass of writings which only students of Norwegian can have any acquaintance with, and not one of these can be ignored by such as would seriously grapple with one of the hardest problems of this generation, the mind of Ibsen. The Danish critic is not only better informed than are English students, but he is far more coolly judicial, far more fearless. And he has grasped one fact too much ignored, that the life and mental adventures of this particular dramatist must be known before his work can have correct significance for this generation. The matter of his plays has constantly to be accounted for by a conversion or a revolution—sometimes even by a remorse. Dr. Brandes was for years in correspondence with him. Ibsen spoke freely to him, and the extracts from letters and conversations are infinitely helpful in getting at the poet's intentions and the source of his inspiration. Near him in race, and knowing well the conditions of Norwegian life and the trend of Norwegian literature, he is able to trace how far Ibsen is a product of his country, his time, his class, his circumstances, and how far his ideals, his intentions, his work are due to the intense development of a strong and, it must be said, a very abnormal personality. It would have saved a deal of trouble to many simple Ibsenites, eager to be on a level with their master's point of view and his ideals, if they had learnt before this that many of these are entirely beyond, or even below, their reach, since they are products of very particular experiences of a very individual temper, and of no universal application at all.

One of the most interesting portions of these studies shows the early Ibsen, the long uncertain, bewildered searcher after forms, after truths. He found himself and confidence in self very late; but when the moment came, he hugged himself hard, he cut himself aloof from external influences, and nursed a culte for individuality. His critic, however, bids us observe that, amid all his isolation, he exhibits a mystic sense of the spirit of his time. What have the reputation of being ideas in Ibsen are sometimes, indeed, great and profound, and sometimes they are mere ignorant obstinacies. He has no pretensions to be a thinker, a worker out of problems, say some of his English critics; but in the face of the life history in these pages, it will be impossible to deny the polemist by instinct. His polemics must be taken into account in our judgment, even when we agree that his greatness lies in his wonderful stage-craft and in his genuine strain of poetry, very narrow, very original, very indescribable. It may not be possible for independent readers to go all the way with this Danish critic, who, by the bye, has partly changed his mind respecting his subject. The Third Impression is more generally eulogistic, for Ibsen, with that stubborn force of his, has conquered him; he has developed in directions which are sympathetic to Dr. Brandes, who has also seen that the artistic powers of the dramatist have grown enormously in recent years. But, at least, he has reprinted his cooler, and, I think, profounder earlier studies, as a sign that the road to a high appreciation of Ibsen may very well be lined by doubts and independent wrestlings.

Ibsen has had a strange, uneven, slow-going mental career. Every stage has been intense and left its impression on his work. Consistency it is useless to look for, save as regards a determination to be aggressively himself—his complicated, varying, capricious self. By moments he is the shrewdest critic of life; but when his work is translated into doctrine it is chameleon-like. A genuine poet, he has found his best expression in prose, and through a prosaic medium. In his beginnings inchoate, lumbering, clumsy, he has reached a level of art where he can utilise his very defects and difficulties. By art, I mean here stage-craft, for in the higher and more poetical sense his artistry often leaves much to be desired; and his Danish critic has, I think, a too high idea of the perfection of his symbolism, which is now childishly and again charmingly naïf. Yet it is true that "in his case realism and symbolism have thriven very well together for more than a score of years. The contrasts in his nature incline him at once to fidelity to fact, and to mysticism." And there is something both for the enthusiast and the colder judge in the passage that follows: "Because his nature and his plays abound in enigmas and mysteries, he is compelled, in order that he may be understood, to have recourse to emphases, repetitions, characteristic tricks of expression, in short, to a certain broad obviousness. And although devotion to reality characterises both his nature and his poetry, yet he is poet and thinker enough always to let a deeper meaning underlie the reality he represents. All his main outlines have an emblematic tendency; behind everything we feel Ibsen's undermining scepticism with regard to the existing and accepted order of things, as well as his intrepidity in criticism; and we rejoice to think that, deep as his doubt digs, even so high and sure does his imagination build." But is it a fair high building that Ibsen has been building all these years? Is it not rather—after many experiments—a bridge over a wide abyss which he has been the first to span, and where the engineering skill calls for the highest praise? A. M.

AITKEN'S "TATLER" AND "SPECTATOR."*

It is sufficiently remarkable that, universally read and extolled as the *Tatler* and *Spectator* have been, we have not until now enjoyed a really good edition of either. No doubt the



From Photo by] MR. G. A. AITKEN. *[Maull & Fox.*

men of the past thought otherwise, and, indeed, there have been several editions which might pass muster very fairly until confronted with that of Mr. Aitken, who has gone far before his predecessors in copiousness of annotation, as well as in the minor points of beauty of type, paper, and illustration. It is an equal merit that none of these excellent things are overdone; the erudite comment is not cumbrous, and the handsome form is not that of an *edition de luxe*. There is no pretension, no obtrusion; every point is adapted for ordinary use. Some editors would

* "The Tatler." Edited with Introduction and Notes by George A. Aitken, author of "The Life of Richard Steele." 4 vols. 30s. (Duckworth and Co.)
"The Spectator." With Introduction and Notes by George A. Aitken. 8 vols. 56s. (Duckworth and Co.)

have made a virtue of restoring the original obsolete spellings, salient capitals, and worrying abbreviations. Mr. Aitken prints his text as he prints his preface, and reserves facsimile for the place where it really does contribute picturesqueness and freshness of colouring, the curious letters of anonymous correspondents, which he prints for the first time from the Blenheim MSS.

It would be difficult to say anything new upon the literary merits of compositions still acknowledged as models, or upon their influence as reformers of the morals and manners which the stage of the period had only corrupted. Perhaps, however, enough notice has not been taken of the improvement of the age itself, independent of the efforts of the moralists. Addison and Steele found public opinion already with them. They would have written to little purpose in the days of Charles the Second. By their time the violent reaction against Puritanism, which had gone so far into the opposite extreme, had spent its force. The stage had already become comparatively decorous. The popularity of Steele's "Christian Hero" had anticipated the popularity of his *Tatler*. The immense vogue of the new periodicals from the first showed how large a public were willing to be amused innocently, and the demand for them at Spalding under the auspices of Mr. Maurice Johnson (the very bibliophile whose Caxtons and Wynkyn de Wordes have so recently come to light) proves that the same feeling pervaded the country. Not only were manners purer, but political and religious animosities were less accentuated. Sir Roger de Coverley and Sir Andrew Freeport could hardly have met on such civil terms in the previous generation; nor could the pretty young Quakeress (*Spectator*, Dec. 10, 1714) have been sketched so charmingly when it would have been Mr. Spectator's duty to procure her commitment to gaol. The great number of imitations all over the Continent denotes a similar development of morality and civility throughout Europe. The multitude of German imitations in particular is surprising, and seems to indicate that the English language was better known, and English literature more influential in contemporary Germany than we have been accustomed to believe. England certainly did not reciprocate.

But if Addison and Steele were the children of their day, their genius was their own. They were original without effort or display. They created a new style of composition, the germs of which, indeed, they found in their predecessors, but which before them had no proper existence. It is true that their charm consists mainly in felicity of diction and nicety of observation; they do not, any more than Pope, achieve greatness; but they do, like him, achieve perfection. In one department, indeed, Addison may claim to be an innovator. His literary criticism, especially of "Paradise Lost" and "Chevy Chase," is far above the level of his contemporaries; if less weighty, it is more delicate than Dryden's.

Mr. Aitken's commentary is like his text, perfect in its simplicity. It might have been considerably extended without gaining much in value. It might, for instance, have been observed that, as none of the initials in No. 396 of the *Spectator* will fit the persons identified with them, they are probably a blind; and if so, evince the wish of Addison, who edited though he did not write the essay, to avoid personalities. The typography is in general most correct; we have, however, met with one amusing error in vol. ii., p. 56—Charles Leslie, the *conjurer*, for *nonjuror*.

R. GARNETT.

MR. CROCKETT'S FRESH EXPERIMENT.*

Mr. Crockett is bound to take a new departure one of these days; his exuberant and quite modern life cannot be for ever employed in filling the old bottles of historical romance. It is possible that either "Cleg Kelly" or "Ione March"—"Cleg Kelly" for choice—indicates what direction that departure will take. Meantime "Ione March" has come, and a most delightful, vigorous, and provoking story it is. For, of course, Mr. Crockett being wilful will blunder, and has blundered in every story he has yet written. Here he errs in seeking—to use modern ecclesiastical slang—to be too "comprehensive." He must needs utilise the latest craze or crotchet of the day. So he wastes some thirty pages and the time of the readers who appreciate him most over faith-healing and the preposterous sect founded by Mrs. Forsaker Hardy, who has far too much money, and not knowing what to do with it, takes to dabbling in the supernatural and scandal-mongering. There is a suspicion, too, of artificiality, if not of "science falsely so-called" in the year's torture inflicted on Ione March because a great physician has made a great blunder in diagnosis, and has left out of consideration the possibility of maternity proving more than a match for pernicious anæmia. Otherwise the book is full of genuine, and, indeed, "rattling" life. Mr. Crockett is always successful with his contrasts in character. He never was more successful than he is here. His two girls, Ione March and Idalia Judd—in spite of the appalling amount of slang that Idalia has acquired—are English or Scotch rather than American, even although the one is the daughter of John Cyrus Judd, the millionaire, and the other is the daughter of Henry Quincy March, Governor of the State of Callibraska. But the seriousness of Ione, which is all needed to enable her to fight poverty and misery, makes a capital foil to Idalia's piquancy and light-heartedness. Marcus Hardy, too, a warm-hearted giant of the Kingsleyan type, is an equally good contrast to Keith Harford, the retiring and rather limp poet. As for Kearney Judd, the cur and scoundrel of the story, who because Ione throws him over seeks to ruin her father, he receives his deserts at the hands—and knuckles—of that American Tom Brown, Seth Livingstone. Excepting, too, for the wearisome passage already mentioned, the story is alive from the start in Switzerland to the almost too pathetic and yet not unhappy close. It is evident that Mr. Crockett has made a very close study of the possibilities of making a livelihood that are open to artistic sentimentalists like Ione and Keith. "Ione March" is as a novel a decided success, and will please the legion of readers who in an age that is given over to athletics—and it might be given over to worse things—are devoted to vigour in fiction that is not too wildly improbable. Why should not Mr. Crockett seek to occupy the seat between Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. W. E. Norris that is at present vacant?

WILLIAM WALLACE.

* "Ione March." By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

NATURALISM AND AGNOSTICISM.*

Out of the lengthening row of volumes for whose production the Gifford bequest is responsible, these are among the few which serve to justify the existence of the trust. Dr. Ward's lectures cannot in any sense be called popular, and the subject is one not easily made intelligible to those who have not had some training in philosophy; but to those acquainted with the modern literature bearing on the fundamental problems on which all attempts to formulate a philosophy of religion must be based, they will well repay the trouble and concentrated attention which their perusal requires.

The thesis is the examination of certain assumptions made by modern writers on science, on which are based (1) the mechanical theory of the Universe; (2) the theory of evolution, and (3) the relations of psychical to physical and physiological phenomena. Dr. Ward's standpoint is that of idealism, and the goal towards which he leads is that of a spiritualistic monism. Naturalism he defines as the theory of the Universe that separates Nature from God and subordinates spirit to matter, setting up unchangeable law as supreme. This philosophy is synthetic, its three component principles being (1) that nature is resolvable into a vast mechanism; (2) that this mechanism works out in evolution; and (3) that mental phenomena may accompany, but do not determine, the interactions in the material world. Agnosticism is in a sense what may be called the religion correlative to this philosophy, and the central article in its creed is that knowledge cannot transcend the phenomenal, and that ultimate questions concerning what is beyond the phenomenal lie outside the limits of philosophical inquiry. On this creed and especially on the use of the word "phenomena" by naturalistic writers there are some excellent criticisms in the last lecture.

The first volume is devoted to the examination of the mechanical theory, and of evolution as expounded by Spencer. It is a powerful piece of destructive criticism, and a model of logical method and clear analysis. To one whose work lies in the study of phenomena, either in the field or the laboratory, the chapters are helpful, refreshing, and profitable, even though one has to make his way through an "appalling wreckage of rejected theories."

The ultimate analysis of the modern views of the mechanical

* "Naturalism and Agnosticism." The Gifford Lectures, delivered before the University of Aberdeen, 1895-1898. By Professor James Ward, Sc.D., of Cambridge. (London: A. and C. Black, 1899.) 2 vols., pp. 594. 18s.

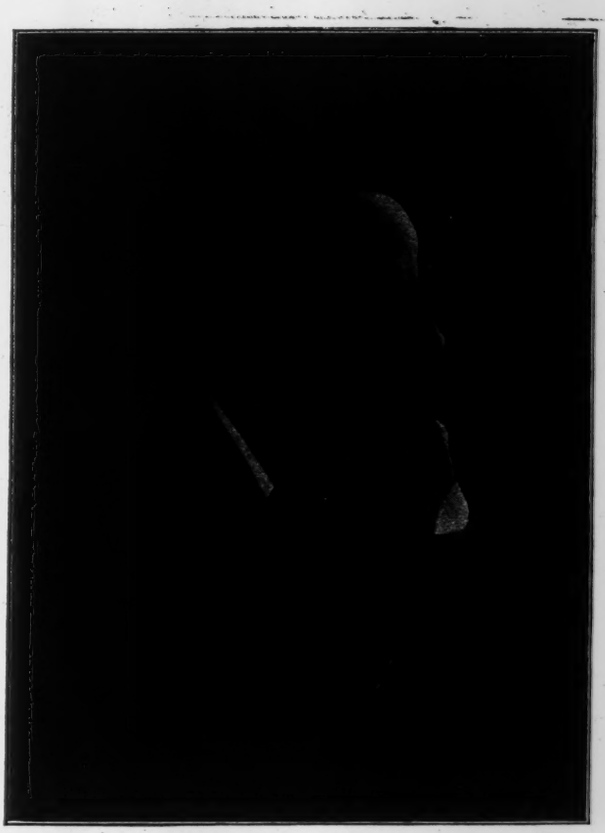
theory of the Universe leads to "the inconceivable ideal of continuous motion in an invarying plenum"; it has renounced all relativity and ridded itself of the categories of substance and cause, and therefore cannot yield any direct knowledge of real things. The hope that by this theory we can get nearer to the conception of "what really goes on" is therefore destined to disappointment. So long as we have only to do with an ideal content as in mathematics, it is conceivable that what are called laws are eternally valid as expressing the invariable nature of the things with which we deal, but it is different when we come to reality. Here also laws are eternally valid, as far as their content goes, but there are continual contrasts coming under our notice between cases in which they apply and cases in which they do not, according as the conditions are, or are not realised, which were laid down in the antecedent, on which the result prescribed in the consequent depends. The conclusion to which we are brought is that the mechanical theory begins with abstractions, and, in the end, has only abstractions left: begins with phenomenal movement, and ends by resolving all phenomena into movement; begins with real bodies in empty space, and ends with ideal movements in an imperceptible plenum.

The study of Spencerian evolution is equally thorough but perhaps less interesting, because its theme is more hackneyed. By the use of clear logical definitions, the separation of realities from misleading analogies, and the analysis of the fundamental assumptions which underlie the propositions of "The Synthetic Philosophy," he scores an easy victory over that current and superficial form of the evolution hypothesis in which the terminology of exact science is used in connotations to which it is essentially inapplicable.

The tenth lecture is of particular interest to the biologist. It contains an examination of the various evolution theories in their relations to biological problems, and Professor Ward maintains with convincing evidence that the difficulties in the way of the assimilation of the biological with the physical leads to the presumption that there is a teleological factor in organic evolution. The discussion of the question as to the point at which consciousness begins in the ascending series of organic forms is here briefly set forth, whether it only originates, as Spencer supposes, when physiological processes become too complex to work automatically; or whether there is ground for the pre-supposition of sentient activity directed to the satisfaction of needs, appetites, and desires in all, even the lowest forms of living beings. Of these two views Dr. Ward adopts the levelling-up hypothesis, that wherever there is life there are more or less developed the two characteristics of mind, self-conservation and subjective selection. The relation of these to "natural selection" is discussed, and the conclusion reached that without teleological factors, the latter is inadequate to account for the course of biological evolution. It is interesting in this connexion to notice how difficult it seems for biological writers to avoid the language of teleology. Darwin, even Weismann and Huxley, now and again unintentionally use language which might have been employed in a Bridgewater Treatise.

The second volume begins with three lectures devoted to the examination of the theories of relationship between psychical and physical processes, especially such as are based on the Cartesian doctrine of the dualism of matter and mind. These are successively weighed and found wanting. The prevalent conception of this relationship is the hypothesis of psycho-physical parallelism, which largely owes its popularity in this country to the advocacy of Huxley. According to this view the sentient being is a conscious automaton in whom the psychical and physical phenomena are absolutely separate, yet constantly parallel; the psychical, being reduced to the condition of *epiphenomena*, whatever that word may denote, by hypothesis are ineffectual to affect the operations of their dominant partner. We are here presented with a serious antinomy the perplexities of which Dr. Ward clearly points out, on the one hand the mechanical conception of Nature shuts us up to a rigorous determinism, while on the other our individual experience shows that volition counts for something, not only in the sphere of ethics, but also even in the domain of the mechanical forces of nature. It cannot be reduced to the level of mere feeling or shelved as an ineffective epiphenomenon.

The second part of this volume is occupied with the examination of dualism, especially from the standpoint of epistemology. The four lectures composing this section are difficult reading and require hard study and close attention, not only on account of the obscurity of the subject, but to some extent owing to the novelty of the nomenclature. When we read that the conflict between common knowledge and individual experience "depends on three elements which are consequences of intersubjective intercourse, namely, the notion of the transsubjective, the hypothesis of introjection, and the reification of abstractions," the proposition requires considerable definition of terms before it can be reduced to a comprehensible form. The discussion, however, is well deserving of the pains which its mastery demands, although it is the least satisfactory part of the entire work, and the conclusion reached is one toward which the entire enquiry has been tending, that Cartesian dualism is an untenable doctrine, that the dualism of which we have evi-



From Photo by] PROFESSOR JAMES WARD. *[Lord, Cambridge.*

dence is a duality of subject and object in the unity of experience, and not one of mind and matter, and that the conditions of experience and the deductions from the premisses of epistemology can only be satisfied by some form of monism.

Of the three possible monistic hypotheses the materialistic has been ruled out by the considerations already set forth in the first volume. The second or neutral form is that which assumes that spirit and matter have one root, which is therefore neither the one nor the other. This is also untenable in this form as it is quite impossible to form any conception of a higher principle embracing both the conscious and the unconscious, but of which the content is neither to be considered as conscious nor yet as unconscious. The agnostic form of this neutral monistic hypothesis which relegates the attempts to characterise the ultimate nature of this monism to the limbo of the unknowable only differs from materialism in seeming, but not in fact, and is really materialism divested of its metaphysics. When we take away the unknowable element which covers its instability it appears only as a "hybrid of hazy dualism and halting materialism."

By the destructive criticism of these forms Dr. Ward leads the way toward the final or constructive part of his work, the establishment of an idealistic, or, as he prefers to call it, a spiritualistic monism. With this the last three lectures are occupied. In this connexion he considers the way in which we arrive at the statement of what are called the laws of nature, in order to see if we can find what are behind them. He shows that these laws are teleological in origin and character, and so far anthropomorphic as they are themselves products of the synthesizing activity of the human mind, the unity seen in

nature being the counterpart of the actual unity of individual experience. On this obscure and vexed question the last word has not been spoken, if, indeed, it ever can be: for, while the mind, transforming its succession of ideas into Knowledge, is conscious of the existence of an absolute Truth to which our experience is more or less of an approximation, it is yet an open question whether by the way of epistemology we can ever reach a complete solution of the problem of Nature, or whether it may not be necessary, as Lotze has said, to go far beyond experience and observation to grasp the conception which comprehends the ultimate reality of the Universe.

In conclusion he shows the bearing of these fundamental studies on the basal propositions of natural religion, and finds that nature, so far from being an unconscious mechanism, is a realm of ends. This conclusion is not far removed from that come to by the great teacher to whom Dr. Ward more than once expresses his obligation: "The true reality that is and ought to be is not matter, and still less idea, but is the living personal spirit of God and the world of personal spirits which He has created. They only are the place in which Good and good things exist; to them alone does there appear an extended material world, by the forms and movements of which the thought of the cosmic whole makes itself intelligible through intuition to every finite mind" ("Mikrokosmus," ii. 728.)

ALEX. MACALISTER.

PROFESSOR F. MAX MULLER'S "SIX SYSTEMS OF INDIAN PHILOSOPHY."*

These elaborate "notes," given to the world by their well-known Anglo-German author in his seventy-sixth year, carry us back for more than a century to the young Scottish scholar who first unveiled Sanskrit Philosophy. In the year 1794 Sir William Jones pronounced his last address as President of the Bengal Asiatic Society, and died. Great as the pioneer of Oriental scholarship, he had not lived long enough to master the philosophical systems of the Hindus, as that address proves. But in 1796 Henry Thomas Colebrooke read to that Society his first essay, "On the Religious Ceremonies of the Hindus, and of the Brahmens especially." He was then only thirty years of age. Son of Sir George Colebrooke, Bart., who was Chairman of the East India Company, and brother and cousin of other Colebrookes in the Company's service, he landed at Calcutta when seventeen years of age. It fell to him in 1794, when revenue collector of Nattore, to take up the work, ordered by Warren Hastings, of translating from the Sanskrit, and forming into a lucid digest, the civil law of the Hindus, which work Sir William Jones had only begun. From that time, to his retirement in 1815, and his death in London in 1836, at the age of seventy-one, by his Essays and his costly collection of Sanskrit MSS. which he presented to the Company, Henry Thomas Colebrooke supplied the scholars of Europe, as well as of India, with a knowledge of the transcendental systems of India. The Germans, the French, and the Italians a little later, found in his writings, and in his manuscripts which they visited London to study, the only reliable and systematised materials for their scholarly research, alike into the philology and the philosophy of the East. No scholar, not even those in the front rank, like John Muir, Edward Cowell, and the American Whitney, has come up to Colebrooke's achievements, virtually of a century ago. To-day, as in Colebrooke's lifetime, every student must go back to the Essays in the "Asiatic Researches," and the treatises on Hindu Law, published separately in 1810 and 1837, and again with Professor Cowell's notes in 1873.

H. T. Colebrooke's successive Essays came like a revelation upon the scholars of Europe, though comparatively neglected by his own more practical countrymen. The Schlegels, especially Frederick, after the death of his brother Charles at Madras, published treatises on the Indian Language, Literature and Philosophy, which are still suggestive. But it was Victor Cousin who first did justice to the materials of Colebrooke on their philosophical side. In 1828, after years of silence in the chair of M. Royer-Collard during the ascendency of the Jesuits, M. Victor Cousin attracted thousands to his lectures on the History of Philosophy. Sir William Hamilton described the interest which he awakened in Paris, and in France, as "unexampled since the days of Abelard." In the second series the French philosopher, charming alike in eloquence and in style, classified all systems of philosophy, and then expounded those of India according to the since popular classification—Sensualism, Idealism, Scepticism, Mysticism. Colebrooke, then "the illustrious President of the Asiatic Society of London," he declared, "by exact analyses has introduced us to the Indian systems and has permitted us to appreciate them and to judge of them for ourselves." "I declare that the Indian philosophy is, for me, nearly all in the papers of Colebrooke, inserted from 1824 to 1827 in the Transactions of the Asiatic Society of London." For a sufficiently learned and philosophical account of the Indian systems, written in an attractive style, the student will still find nothing better than the fifth and sixth of the second series of the lectures by which Victor Cousin captivated the literary world. Every week, Sir William Hamilton tells us, the lectures were printed and found their way to the remotest provinces. They were translated into English, in both New York and Edinburgh editions.

Next to H. T. Colebrooke we must place his fellow-Scots, James Ballantyne and John Muir. For years these two scholars were associated, the one as Principal and the other as Inspector or director of the Government Sanskrit College at Benares. They have been followed there by scholars like Griffith and Gough, and may be said to have created a Benares school of original investigators. Dr. Ballantyne was cut off in the middle of his useful career, leaving texts and translations of some of the Indian systems, which first appeared as "Re-prints for the Pandits," at Allahabad in 1853-55. Dr. John Muir's long and beautiful life, both at Benares and Edinburgh, resulted in the second edition of his "Original Sanskrit Texts on the Origin and History of the People of India, their Religion and Institutions." The five volumes form a mine not only of fresh materials, but of wise learning and just reflection, worthy to be ranked with his brother civilian's, Colebrooke's, except that the latter was first in the field.

And now Mr. Max Müller brings us a third collection of materials and opinions, which need only classification, or condensed and critical generalisation, to form a lucid complement of the other two. He has not attempted to show the same literary art which marked his lectures on the Science of Language delivered at the Royal Institution in 1861 and 1863. On the contrary, he modestly describes this work as "Some of the notes . . . which have accumulated in my notebooks for many years," ever since 1852, when he published in Germany his first contributions to the study of Indian philosophy. Again, "It professes to be no more than a description of some of the salient points of each of the six recognised systems of Indian philosophy. It does not claim to be complete." This is just criticism.

The value of this book is philological rather than philosophical. As the editor of the fifty or sixty volumes of the Sacred Books of the East, and familiar with the latest researches of Professors Deussen and Garbe in Germany and of Dr. G. Thibaut in India, and as himself translator of the two volumes of the Upanishads in that vast collection of what he described as "a heap of rubbish with some solitary fragments of pure gold," Mr. Max Müller has here done good service. He has supplied scholars at least with fresh materials in a way which marks at once his learning and his eclectic sympathy with the old forest sages and their editors. But we emerge from our honest wanderings over the wilderness of this book with a very different confession from its venerable author's—"I make no secret that all my life I have been very fond of the Vedânta. Nay, I can fully agree with Schopenhauer and quite understand what he meant when he said: 'In the whole world there is no study except that of the original (of the Upanishads) so beneficial and so elevating. . . . It has been the solace of my life, it will be the solace of my death.' Schopenhauer was the last man to write at random, or to allow himself to go into ecstasies over so-called mystic and inarticulate thought. And I am neither afraid nor ashamed to say that I share his enthusiasm." The "founder of modern Pessimism," as he is justly called, took his sad philosophy wholesale from the root-ideas of the Indian systems—that everything in nature is the worst, that life is essentially an evil, and that it is man's duty to seek the extinction of being. Rather would we side with the two learned Brahmans, Nilakantha Sastri Goreh and Krishna Mohun Banerjea, to

* "The Six Systems of Indian Philosophy." By the Right Hon. F. Max Müller, K.M., Foreign Member of the French Institute. 18s. (Longmans, Green and Co., London, New York, and Bombay, 1899.)

whose philosophical refutation of Hindu Philosophy Mr. Max Müller does not allude, and say of the Vedantist and other nihilists who yet recommend idol-worship on philosophical grounds—"With the short cord of human wit they vainly essay to measure the profundities of God's fathomless perfections, and to determine their limits. He who will act thus cannot but stumble and at last fall disastrously."

It is to be regretted that a writer so authoritative and satisfied as our author has not, like the late Sir Monier Monier-Williams, personally visited India, and studied the practical effects of the Vedanta and Nyaya, as well as Buddhism, on two hundred and forty millions of our subjects there. The melancholy thing is that Hindus have become what they are directly from the philosophical teachings of the six or seven systems. The Brahman and his caste have perpetuated from century to century, the pantheism and nihilism under which countless generations of men live in hopeless despair, when they think at all. For the philosophy of the Veds is to the peoples a practical curse. Mr. Max Müller's and Schopenhauer's confessions must be corrected by the facts. What has this three thousand year old philosophy of apathy done for India?

GEORGE SMITH.

THE NEW VOLUME OF DR. HASTINGS' BIBLE DICTIONARY.*

The first instalment of this treasury of Biblical learning appeared at Easter, 1898, and was welcomed in THE BOOKMAN for May. We again offer the Editor and his assistants our unstinted congratulations on their second section, completing one-half of this immense undertaking. Some hundred and twenty different scholars and experts have contributed to Vol. II., which, by the fortune of the alphabet, includes more than its share of lengthy and significant articles. Beginning with criticism and history, we observe that Old Testament problems are treated, as before, mainly from the standpoint of Higher Criticism. Professor Ryle, who contributed Deuteronomy to Vol. I., here writes on Genesis, with a certain caution; while in his article on Isaac, as in that on Abraham, he maintains the substantial historicity of these patriarchs. Dr. Driver takes a similar position in regard to Jacob and Joseph. We find, however, Mr. F. H. Woods more thoroughgoing in his treatment of the Flood, and also in his able summary of critical results as to the documents of the Hexateuch. Dr. W. E. Barnes, writing on Israel, points out how far such conclusions compel those who adopt them to reconstruct the history of the nation. Dr. G. A. Smith's geographical authority makes him eminently competent to deal with Joshua—"the Doomsday Book of Palestine." His magnificent article on Isaiah discloses a distinct advance on the critical positions which he supported in the Expositor's Bible; and its appended summary of the literature on Isaiah is nothing less than a mine of learning. The two very important prophets, Jeremiah and Hosea, fall to Professor A. B. Davidson, while Professor Cameron writes on Joel and Dr. Driver on Habbakuk. The Book of Judges is assigned to Dr. E. König, the distinguished German Hebraist, who also discusses Jonah, pronouncing it "a symbolic narrative." Professor W. T. Davison's article on the Book of Job inclines to a date shortly before the Exile, and regards the "Elihu" sections as a later addition.

Turning next to the New Testament topics which occur in this volume, we grow conscious of a milder critical temperature. Professor Stanton's valuable article "Gospels" handles the synoptic problem with that cautious freedom which belongs to ample and thoughtful knowledge. Like the majority of recent investigators, he rejects the hypothesis of oral sources, and adopts a documentary theory, which on some crucial points approximates to Holtzmann's position. The closing paragraphs of this article, on the dates of our Gospels, appear slighter and less convincing. Mr. T. B. Strong contributes a somewhat elaborate "Life and Theology of John the Apostle," in which he assumes, without discussion, that Gospel, Epistles, and Apocalypse proceed from the same author, and attempts to harmonise their teaching. The arresting article on the Gospel of John, by the late Dr. H. R. Reynolds, extends to thirty-four pages. His fine critical and theological mastery of this difficult subject will surprise none who are familiar with his work in the *Pulpit Commentary*. The two pages which he devotes to the literature on the Fourth Gospel present a brilliant conspectus of the history of exegetical opinion. Dr. A. B. Bruce writes with characteristic power and insight on the Epistle to the Hebrews. Dr. J. B. Major is at home in the Epistle of James. And Dr. Marcus Dods summarises the Epistle to the Galatians with a mind in suspense as to the famous "South Galatian" theory, which Professor Ramsay, in the two previous articles, advocates with all the resources of scholarship and travel.

Many readers will consider that Dr. Sanday's monumental article on Jesus Christ forms the outstanding feature of this volume. The editor was wise to allow for it over fifty pages,

[*From Photo by*] *Ewing, Aberdeen.*

REV. JAMES HASTINGS, M.A., D.D.

every column of which brims over with condensed and luminous learning. Within our space it is impossible even to indicate its remarkable qualities. We will only quote Dr. Sanday's suggestive dictum that to write the Life of Christ which would become classic, we need "a Newman, with science and adequate knowledge."

But it is in more distinctly theological subjects that the sober, orthodox colour of the Dictionary shines out clearest. The two notable articles on "God"—in O.T. by Dr. Davidson, and in N.T. by Dr. Sanday—suffer somewhat from the fact that they were written without any collaboration or comparison. Holiness is similarly divided between Professor Skinner and Professor Stevens. Dr. H. B. Swete writes on the Holy Spirit. The Incarnation falls into Mr. Ottley's very competent hands, and Dr. Orr has a congenial topic in the Kingdom of God. Whether from the limitations of his space, or of his style, Dr. Simon's article on Justification appears obscure.

Finally, we may enumerate a few of the valuable contributions by other specialists, in their own domains. Dr. Curtis, who compiled half of the wonderful "Chronology" in Vol. I., here deals with Genealogy. Mr. A. C. Headlam, author of the exhaustive article on Acts, now writes on Herod and Gnosticism. Professor A. Macalister gives a most complete and

* "A Dictionary of the Bible, dealing with its Language, Literature, and Contents, including the Biblical Theology." Edited by James Hastings, M.A., D.D., with the assistance of John A. Selbie, M.A., and, chiefly in the revision of the proofs, of A. B. Davidson, D.D., LL.D., S. R. Driver, D.D., Litt.D., H. B. Swete, D.D., Litt.D.

Vol. II. (Feign-Kinsmar.) pp. xv., 870. 28s. (T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh.)

curious account of Foods. Dr. Sayce has conquered the Hittites, though he confesses that no man can yet read their inscriptions. Articles on the topography and antiquities of Palestine are signed by names like Conder, Warren, and Bliss.

Any brief notice of such a volume can merely particularise some few of its leading features and authors. We venture on two slight criticisms. Dr. Hastings himself contributes numerous brief articles on the use of special words in the English Bible; yet, though these are admirably done, we doubt whether they are necessary, after Mr. Aldis Wright's "Bible Word-Book." Again, though the maps are adequate, we still think that the occasional illustrations are not worth the space they fill. But such trifling details in no way detract from the solid and enduring value of a very noble work, which no serious student of Scripture can afford to dispense with. We wait with keen curiosity the rival Encyclopedia, which Dr. Cheyne and Mr. Black are incubating. But meantime preachers and theologians will sell their garments, if need be, to buy Dr. Hastings. T. H. DARLOW.

A LITERARY LEGACY.*

When "Gloria Mundi" was published, the sad conviction came to many that, even had he lived, there was little chance that Harold Frederic would produce anything stronger or more lasting than "Illumination," itself a book of promise rather than fulfilment. "Gloria Mundi" bore unmistakable signs of haste and the feverish strain that is inseparable from bread-winning journalism. It began with promise of greatness, but the end was darkened by disappointment and the long-drawn weariness of the task. Harold Frederic's best work was stamped with brain-fag. It was produced in the intervals of watching the tape, in moments snatched from the claims of special correspondence, for circumstances ordained that the author of "Illumination" should never go apart from the clamorous world to some desert place where he might think his thoughts and mould his characters undisturbed.

And so we opened "The Market Place" with no exaggerated expectations. The early chapters were brilliant as ever, yet as we turned the pages we waited in vain for what had almost seemed the inevitable falling off of brightness and interest. "The Market Place" is a great piece of work, incomparably the best novel of the year, a literary legacy that will be remembered, almost a heirloom. The weakness of Harold Frederic's other work is the strength of "The Market Place," for the book owes its very being to the rush and struggle and turmoil of existence that destroyed its creator. It throbs with the hum of life, and the wild, mad chorus of the market-place rises from its pages crescendo to a tremendous finale.

To transfer the "City" to the printed page is a wonderful achievement. In "The Market Place" his multitudinous, extravagant, corrupt, but extraordinarily fascinating "city" lives, moves, and has its being. Harold Frederic must have had intimate acquaintance with its secrets, for there is not an impossible incident in his novel, and much is a transcript from reality. To many "The Market Place" will seem the wildest of extravaganzas, a romance of the realms of Zenda—a stirring, exciting romance, too. To those who possess the key to the book it is a ruthless exposure, a merciless satire. Both as satire and romance it is splendid reading.

"The Market Place" has been described as an immoral book—immoral because a barefaced scoundrel holds the readers' admiration. We admit that we have identified ourselves with few heroes of fiction as with Thorpe, and we feel an agony of suspense when the success of his audacious and dastardly coup wavers in the hands of the Stock Exchange Committee. We admit the fascination of a Napoleonic personality, a man of infinite resource, infinite courage, infinite self-confidence. We admit our admiration for a swindler. But against this you must set the whole atmosphere of the book, which it seems to us is healthy and moral. The vileness, the bestiality of the absorbing lust of gold stands out in its pages in hideous relief. It is not Thorpe the swindler that attracts, but Thorpe the man of iron nerve and will. Such a display of power would fascinate under any circumstances in any situation.

"The Market Place" is one of the few men's novels. From title-page to colophon it is compact of virility. As a study of characters it is supreme, for there is not one single failure in the book, and as a romance of the "City" it has no equal in modern fiction. J. E. H. W.

* "The Market Place." By Harold Frederic. 6s. (Heinemann.)

BOHEMIAN LITERATURE.*

Count Lutzow in taking for granted that we know nothing at all of Bohemian literature has told the general reader—for whom Mr. Gosse's series of "Literatures of the World" is intended—too much. But, at least, the story has been told now in detail for the curious student, and everyone should have a comfortable feeling that should they ever want to know about the subject, the information is gathered and garnered safely for them here. The writer has done his work excellently; but he could not make bricks out of straw. He could not make a literature seriously worth the name out of the mass of printed matter written by Bohemians. Thousands of books were destroyed in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Perhaps all the great ones were then annihilated. We can only judge of what remains, and judge by the evidence of a well-informed and patriotic historian. The alleged early and interesting MSS. are forgeries. There was practically no poetry worth speaking of till the present century, and the specimens given of that are too scanty to enable us to say whether they are above the average of modern minor verse. There have been creditable historians, but no Herodotus, not even a Froissart. There have been devoted philologists, and it is doubtful whether Scotland has equalled Bohemia in its zeal for theological controversy. But no imaginative writers of eminence and no literary artists have given other peoples an impetus to master this Slav speech. Of a book dear to all Bohemians of former generations, "The Labyrinth of the World of Komensky" (Comenius), no English translation exists, but Count Lutzow nearly promises there shall be one ere long.

The real value of this lengthy dissertation is historical, not literary. The Cechs are, from their religious history and their spiritual experiences, an interesting people; but their gifts are limited. Perhaps in their modern enthusiasm for all things Slav they may gain something from their more fascinating kinsmen in other lands. In a sonnet by Kollar, written in 1830, there is a prophecy which has had already no inconsiderable fulfilment in the success of Russian fiction and in the Russo-Franco Alliance:

"Slavic manners, as the floods of a deluge, will extend their strength in every direction.

"That language which the Germans falsely believed to be but a dialect fit for slaves, will be heard even under the ceilings of palaces and in the mouths of our very enemies.

"By means of the Slav language, science will be developed. Our dress, the customs, the songs of our people will be the fashion on the Seine and on the Elbe."

Not for the Bohemian dialect of it is this triumph. But then a poor relation may take honourable pride in his kinsmen's power and genius.

LITERARY IDEALS IN IRELAND.†

In a remarkable essay, not fortunately named "The Autumn of the Flesh," Mr. Yeats strikes the keynote of that literary "movement" which is now definitely among the forces to be reckoned with. It is a movement of anticipation on the part of the far-sighted. It is a movement from within; therefore it began obscurely, and advanced hesitatingly, was at times uncertain, sometimes strayed, and only of late has cohered and known itself a congregation. In a word, it is no other than the processional advance of spiritual realities to the forefront of those things which preoccupy all of us with whom thought is something other than the shadow of the moment, to whom thought is the light in which it is we who are the shadows.

This keynote is where the writer alluded to speaks of his belief that the arts lie dreaming of things to come; with the context, that the great new wave of spiritual faith and energy for which we are weary with much longing, shall come through a fuller and deeper conception of Art, and through a spiritually enhanced and glorified Art itself. With Mr. Yeats, art is but the analogue of the heart's desire. The law of beauty is for him the law of the spirit. He and those intimately with him mean by heart the rarest and finest and highest expression of the spiritual part of us. And yet. . . . and yet. . . . one turns to the inward vales of rest behind the Heart rather than

* "A History of Bohemian Literature." By Francis, Count Lutzow. Literatures of the World. 6s. Heinemann.

† "Literary Ideals in Ireland." By John Eglinton, W. B. Yeats, "A. E.," and W. Larminie. (Reprinted from recent Saturday issues of the *Daily Express* of Dublin). Price 1s. (Unwin.)

to the upper solitudes of the Mind; it is thence we look for the coming of the Shepherd. I think love, that ancient ever young shepherd of the eternal wisdom, is a better name, a better ideal even than "Art."

I took up this little book with keen anticipation. I read it with disappointment. Neither any in Ireland nor any elsewhere will stand with more surety because of this book. It is merely a resetting of the old suasion and dissuasion of irreconcilable disputants. One eagerly hopes to find some common spring of conviction, of hope, of ideals; one looked for concerted aim, for direct action. Ireland has need of regeneration indeed when her own children are in opposite camps even when marshalled under a common banner. When, nineteen hundred years ago, Concobar wished to defend the commonwealth of Ulster, he was all but paralysed by the defection of his chief champions, Fergus his friend and Cormac his son, because of a private feud. So the tale has run ever since. To judge from this little book, there is no literary ideal in Ireland, but only individual ideals; there is no singleness of aim, but only plurality of opinions. Mr. Eglinton urges one thing; Mr. Yeats differs; Mr. Eglinton expostulates; Mr. Yeats objects a new; Mr. George Russell intervenes to interpret each, and to satisfy neither; Mr. Larminie agrees with each and varies from all.

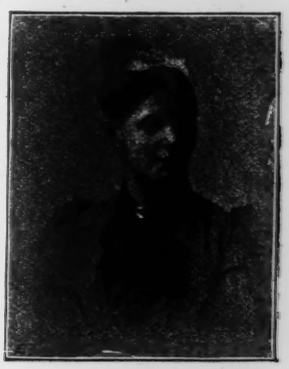
Severally, these nine short papers are worth perusal, are worth consideration. It is collectively that they fail. Perhaps the most significant is that by "A. E.," on "Nationality and Cosmopolitanism in Literature." Here, too, the issues stand more clearly. It is not what Mr. Yeats thinks of Mr. Eglinton, or what those whose method is in accord with the mystical tradition think of those whose method is in accord with the tradition of the immediate and the external; but on the one side a plea for nationality in Anglo-Celtic literature, and on the other a protest on behalf of individualism. As "A. E." points out, a literature loosely held together by some emotional characteristic common to the writers, however great it may be, does not fulfil the purpose of a literature or art created by a number of men who have a common aim in creating a supreme ideal, "a soul for their country."

I hope that out of this book someone, perhaps Mr. George Russell (who appears to be best able to understand and interpret what is apparently incongruous or irreconcilable), will write, not upon the literary ideals, but on the one inevitable and supreme literary ideal for Ireland. That ideal, surely, is as little wedded to the blind resentment of the irreconcilable Gael as to the denationalised conventionalism of writers such as Professor Dowden. Born of spiritual suffering, sustained by spiritual longing, its road should be through the country of the spirit, its goal should be the Divine Forges where will be fashioned, anew and with more wonder and beauty and extreme miracle of uplifting force, a Soul of Beauty and Hope, that shall not only be its own soul and the final and noble redemption of all Gaeldom, but be the spiritual spring and impulse in all ascendant peoples. Thus only can the old prophecies be fulfilled, that out of the last leaguer of the Gael shall come a new redemption; thus only can the deeper, more insistent, the irrefutable implicit prophecies of the common heart behold at last the revelation of the homeward way.

FIONA MACLEOD.

THE CATHEDRAL BUILDERS.*

In this handsome and elaborate monograph the lady who writes under the pseudonym of Leader Scott concentrates the light of extensive research on a problem of real importance in the history of architecture, and of deep interest to all students of the past. As one feels the glamour of the great abbey churches and cathedrals, either at home or abroad, one is assailed by questions to which it is an arduous task to attempt an answer. How did it happen that architecture was the earliest, and for long the only, flower of art in the Dark Ages; that in an epoch of ignorance and violence, when communities were rediscovering the rudiments of civilisation, religion had already its great church-builders? How account for the striking fact that in countries far apart buildings of the same date bear the imprint of one and the same spirit, design and inspiration? What is the elucidation of the financial difficulty which arises, when one endeavours to estimate the enormous cost of the numberless monastic establishments and ecclesiastical edifices which were scattered broadcast over Christendom? To this last question the present writer is unable to discover a sufficiently circumstantial reply. To the two which precede it "The Cathedral Builders" offers a solution, which, if not wholly conclusive, strongly commends itself in virtue of the evidence by which it is sustained. An unbroken, though occasionally obscured, tradition connects the builders of Verona and Treves, of Cologne and Westminster, of Milan and Caen and Salisbury, with the Masters of the Roman *collegium*. The author herself recognises that the weak points in her line of argument are "the derivation of the Comacines of Lombard times from the Roman public architects who built for Constantine and Pope Adrian; and the connection of this Lombard Guild with the early Cathedral builders of the eleventh and twelfth centuries"; but complete and final evidence is scarcely to be expected in a matter so remote and so difficult to trace. It must be at least conceded that she has made out a good case. Even in the days of Pliny the Younger the Comacine builders — we need not discuss whether they derived their name from the island of Comacina in Lake Como or from the German *Gemachin* — were famous for their skill and resourcefulness. Whatever their connection with the Roman *collegium*, "Rome," according to our author, "is almost as full of remains of what is now styled Comacine architecture, as it is of classic and pagan ruins, and they are nearly as deeply buried." The free Republic of Como was a land of refuge for the Romans who fled from barbaric invasion, and an edict of the Longobard King, Rotharis, shows that in the seventh century the Comacine Masters were a compact and powerful guild, whose organisation and official nomenclature perpetuated those of the old Roman *collegium*. In a similar fashion the connection between this Lombard Guild and the cathedral builders of the 13th, 14th and 15th centuries is demonstrated by identity of architectural style and ornamental design, and by the identity of official titles and organisation. It appears, by the way, that some connection may be traced between the names and emblems of the Freemasonry of to-day, which is by no means intimately associated with architecture, and the actual working arrangements of the old Comacine Guild, and accordingly, one gathers, of its predecessors the Roman colleges of public architects. In this perpetuation, then, of the old classic builders we have the secret of the apparition of architecture as the one flower of art in a semi-barbarous time. And we have also an explanation of the synchronism of styles and methods in places far apart at the same periods. The guild was the multiple genius of those days. Master-builders travelled far, and founded schools wherever they paused to build minster or priory. Abbots and bishops became members of the guild, and so acquired the tradition which had been handed down from Rome and modified to suit climate and nationality through the lapse of developing centuries. There were emergences of original and independent genius in this as there have been in other arts, but the creative spirit had always the long results of time to strengthen his individual resources. In the brief space here available it is impossible to do justice to the author's treatment of her subject, but enough has been said to indicate the scope and importance of the book. Even as a mere collection of fine architectural illustrations, it will be cordially welcomed by all who are attracted by the great art which, for many centuries at least, has been well described as "the worship in stone of the creature of clay."



LEADER SCOTT.
From Photo by Mansabone, Florence

WILLIAM CANTON.

* "The Cathedral Builders." The Story of a Great Masonic Guild. By Leader Scott, Honorary Member of the Accademia delle Belle Arti, Florence, and Author of "The Renaissance of Art in Italy," etc. With 83 illustrations. 21s. (Sampson Low, Marston and Co., Ltd.)

RELIGION IN GREEK LITERATURE.*

The attractive title of this book, especially when coupled with the name of a veteran and distinguished scholar, holds out

* "Religion in Greek Literature." By Prof. Lewis Campbell. [p. 422. 15s. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

the promise of a most interesting work. Unfortunately this promise is only very imperfectly fulfilled. The book indeed apparently owes its existence to the writer having been appointed to "the Gifford Lectureship at St. Andrews," and having consequently "delivered two courses of twelve lectures each" on "The Religion of the Ancient Greeks." Experience, however, seems to show that courses of lectures, delivered in accordance with some pious bequest, are rarely rich enough, either in interest or instruction, to deserve permanent preservation, and the mere thought of twenty-four lectures about anything whatever is dispiriting. A single lecture, in which some master of a particular subject sums up in brief and brilliant form the result of his studies, may fascinate the general reader; a good book full of exact information, acute criticism, and original thought will delight the student; but a succession of lectures is something which is neither flesh nor fowl. It has no place in the world of literature, for it lacks the charm of an essay and the merits of a book.

Nor does Professor Campbell ever cut himself loose from the trammels of his position. Everywhere it is clear that he is a lecturer, and that he is bound to be not only learned, but edifying. His opening sentence (p. 1) refers to the desire of Lord Tennyson for "a new vision," and of "another thinker" for "a new definition of God," while his concluding sentence (p. 385) recurs pointedly to the same mysterious yearnings, and the intervening volume seems designed generally to show that the Greeks did, to use St. Paul's graphic phrase, "grope" or "feel after" divine truth in a manner which makes their history specially important to students of religion. In dealing with his subject the writer discusses the development of Greek ethics, philosophy, and religion, but he introduces far too many mythological details about particular deities and their local rites, and is wanting in lucidity and system, while the connection of his discussion with "Greek Literature" is extremely loose. The first two chapters, for example, covering fifty-two pages, have no relation to literature. The same may be said about the sixth, seventh, tenth ("Athenian Worships"), and eleventh ("The Mysteries"), while it is only at p. 322 that we reach Socrates, the whole of the vast mass of literature after 400 B.C., which includes Plato, Aristotle, the Stoics, and the Epicureans, being thus crammed into sixty pages. Further, the quotations, on which alone a book with such a title ought to be based, are throughout extremely few, and they are almost always made without any exact reference to their source.

The style, too, into which Professor Campbell sometimes lapses hardly recommends the work. Such phrases as "aniconic pillar," "theurgic hierophant," "boon earth," or "the booming of the rhombus" mar the pleasure of an ordinary reader. Nor will he derive much knowledge from the definition of Orphism as "that new mythology in which Hesiodic traditions, cosmogonic speculations, and a daring theosophy were blended in a haze of pantheism," or from the mystic statement that "it has been sometimes said that religious music is the euthanasia of dogma; Euripidean poetry may similarly be said to be the euthanasia of mythology." Such language appals the average mind, but its splendid polysyllables at least inspire respect. For professorial humour, however, there is not so much to be said. The Greek dramatic poet, we are told (p. 304), had "to aim at producing the effect which his audience desired—like our *fin de siècle* politicians, watching how the cat would jump, and obtaining suffrages by catching at the passing breeze." Such a sentence is too grotesque for comment.

Finally, it remains to be said that, in spite of its defects, Professor Campbell's work is still in many respects excellent. He knows a great deal about his subject, and will be of great service to the careful student. He especially brings out with admirable clearness that the best Greek intellects are not merely conspicuous for their love of beauty or their respect for pure reason, for their admirable "serenity" or their equally admirable "moderation," but that they are also characterised by a deep sense of religion—a genuine "belief in gods who cared for human perfection, for perfect bodies, perfect minds, perfect works, and splendid actions." Anyone who turns to the passage (pp. 18 *seq.*) where he deals with this thesis will be at once struck by its mastery and insight. Elsewhere, too, he will find similar passages of not inferior power, but they are unhappily embedded in a large mass of discursive and careless writing.

T. E. PAGE.

A HISTORY OF FRENCH ART.*

Miss Kingsley has shown an accurate sense of our needs respecting the subject of French art. There is no other English book dealing with it comprehensively, and if we take all the books together, we shall find gaps. For the earlier periods it is perhaps not so difficult to get information. For the later it is impossible to get anything save theory and hot dissension. Miss Kingsley's is mainly a book of information well arranged, not exhaustive, but carefully chosen, on the useful plan of being a guide to those who would actually see the specimens with their own eyes. It may be called a dictionary in chapters, with general introductions; but though written frequently in note-book style, it is distinctly readable. From the time of the Renaissance her study is detailed. The section on the art of the eighteenth century, the art of Boucher, Watteau, Fragonard, and Greuze, is admirable. But it is our own century to which she gives most space and care. The national history of the Classics, the Romantics, the Peasant Painters, the Decorative Painters, the Symbolists, the Impressionists, is traced with intelligence and by the aid of fine taste and broad sympathies. She does not generally shirk discussion of living men, though we think she might in some cases have been a little more discriminating. For instance, her words seem to put Falguière and Rodin on the same level. But, there, the subject is a hot one. It is better to imitate her prudence and her modesty by not pursuing it. As we have said, the volume offers information rather than theory. It is a handy reference book, a guide to schools and tendencies, to galleries and private collections, as well as to the main authorities on the different sections of her subject.

THE SYRIAC LECTIONARY OF THE GOSPELS.†

This book is a munificent addition to the services which Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Gibson have already rendered to students of the Syriac New Testament. It is a critical edition of the Palestinian Syriac Version, or, as it is usually called, the Jerusalem Syriac. With the exception of fragments, not included in this volume, the version, in N.T., only consists of a lectionary of the Gospels. Till recently this version, fragments again excepted, was only extant in a single MS. preserved in the Vatican Library, and published in 1864 by Miniscalchi (with a Latin translation), and again in 1892 in an edition prepared by Lagarde and published after his death. This MS. is styled here Codex A. In 1892, Father Galakteon, the librarian of the Convent of St. Catherine, on Mount Sinai, called Mrs. Lewis' attention to a MS., which she discovered to be a Palestinian Syriac Lectionary of the Gospels, and styles Codex B. When Mrs. Lewis returned to Sinai, in 1893, with a company of Cambridge scholars, one of them, Professor Rendel Harris, discovered yet another MS. of the Palestinian Syriac Lectionary of the Gospels, styled here Codex C. Both codices B and C were found in the same box as the famous Sinai Palimpsest of the Syriac Gospels. It may be worth noting that Dr. Schwally, by some curious accident, has attributed the discovery of Codex B to the late Professor Bensly. In 1895 Mrs. Lewis obtained another Palestinian Syriac Lectionary, with lessons from Old Testament, Acts, and Pauline Epistles. This has been published as *Studia Sinaitica*, No. vi.

This edition takes Codex B as its text, and gives in the margins the readings of Codices A and C. The dialect in which the text is written might almost be described as bad Chaldee written in a kind of Estrangelo Syriac character; there are rubrics in Karshuni, *i.e.*, bad Arabic in the same character. Codex A was written in A.D. 1030, Codex B in A.D. 1104, and Codex C in A.D. 1118. It is quite uncertain when this translation was made. Miniscalchi thought it older than the Peshitto or Curetonian, and "considered" it "to approach very nearly to the original of St. Matthew's Gospel"; but he was led astray by an author's enthusiasm for his subject. Nöldeke dated it not earlier than A.D. 300, Tischendorf in the fifth, and Adler in the sixth century A.D.

* "A History of French Art, 1100-1899" By Rose G. Kingsley. 12s. 6d. net. (Longmans)

† "The Palestinian Syriac Lectionary of the Gospels, re-edited from Two Sinai MSS. and from P. de Lagarde's edition of the 'Evangeliarium Hierosolymitanum,'" by Agnes Smith Lewis, M.R.A.S., and Margaret Dunlop Gibson, M.R.A.S. £2 12s. 6d. (London: Kegan Paul and Co., 1899, pp. lxxii., 320.)

The new MSS. contain some striking readings. Codex A included the whole of the section *de adultera*, John vii. 53—viii. 11; Codices B and C have only vii. 53—viii. 2. In Matt. xi. 5, B and C have "the poor rejoice" instead of "the poor have the Gospel preached to them"; and in Matt. xii. 36, instead of "And I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment," C has "And I say unto you, that every good word that men shall not speak, they shall give account, etc." In Matt. i. 16, B and C, like A, have the usual reading, "Mary, of whom was born Jesus." The theological atmosphere of this version, or at any rate of the scribes of these MSS., naturally excluded the startling reading of the Lewis Codex, "Joseph . . . begat Jesus."

May we, under the shelter of the saying: "Gratitude is the expectation of favours to come," venture to mention two ways in which this volume has inspired a wish for more? The learned authoresses must have had many experiences, which would interest the general public, and enlist their sympathy in the study of the history of the New Testament. Could not we have a popular work on the subject? Professor Rendel Harris, to whom this book is dedicated, might contribute; he has a store of interesting and strictly relevant material. Mrs. Lewis, on p. xiin, gives us a tantalising glimpse of what must have been a very dramatic episode. Thus: "I have to express my regret for not having given these dates quite accurately in *Studia Sinaitica*. The mistake probably arose from a dispute which I had with Father Galakteon about the date of the Creation."

Then, again, in view of the meagre data for the text of the Old Testament, a decent edition of the Old Testament Peshitto would be a great boon to scholars. W. H. BENNETT.

NOVEL NOTES.

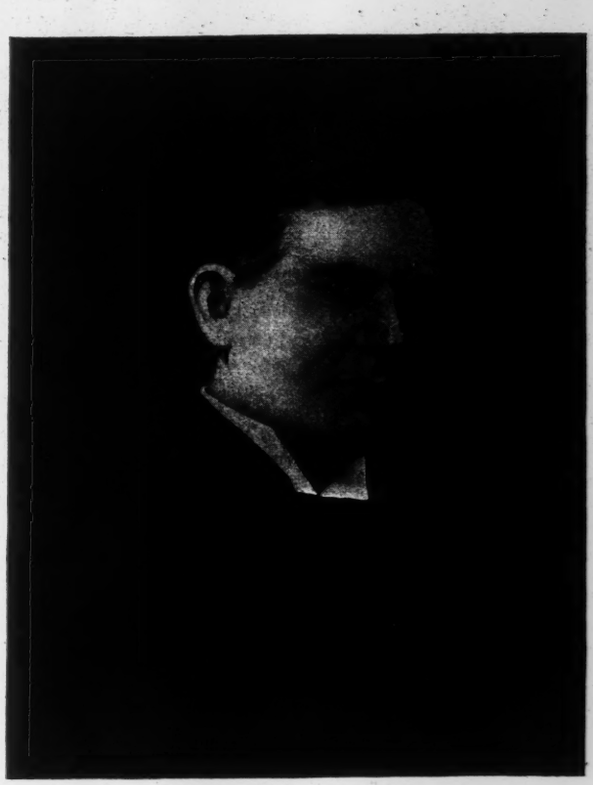
SILENCE FARM. By William Sharp. 3s. 6d. (Richards.)

An improbability hangs like a dead weight over Mr. Sharp's new story, otherwise an able and an impressive book. A father seeing his son fall in love with his ward, tries various means to turn the young man's fancy in a different direction. He bribes him, points to other maidens, exiles him. But it is just touch and go whether his son and the young woman do not wed. The father suffers agonies meanwhile. Now it would have cost an old Calvinist much to have confessed the real reason of his disapproval, namely, that the girl was his own daughter. But after seeing and hearing a passionate love-scene between the two at her window, we are convinced the father does not and never did exist who would not have confessed, and so ended the affair. But Archibald Ruthven does not confess, and the girl's heart hankers for long after a selfish, worthless young man. This is an invented tragedy that carries no conviction at all. We are disgusted rather than saddened. But there are excellent points in the book. The character of the old laird is well suggested. That of his feeble, fickle, sordid-minded son is still better. We do not quite realise Margaret, the heroine. But her later story, where she cleaves to old Ruthven in his misfortunes, and when she sinks to the social level of a farm-hand in spite of her education and her dignified bearing, haunted by a dead romance and by an old wrong that will not die, has genuine pathos and interest. Some of the sentiment in the beginning is rather cloying. But the descriptions of Scottish farm life, if they owe anything to other writers, owe it fortunately rather to "Tess" than to the kailyard school. Had all Ruthven's anxieties and agonies been solely on account of the possible misery of a girl whom he loved and respected marrying his rascally son, the motive of the story might not have been sensational enough to fulfil the writer's purpose, but it would have brought a deal more conviction to readers' minds.

MR. WILLIAM SHARP.
From Photo by Stanley, Dublin.

WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER. By Edwin Caskoden. 6s. (Sands.)

There could scarcely be a more tempting subject for the writer of romance than the love-story of Charles Brandon, son of a simple knight of Suffolk and the Princess Mary, sister of Henry VIII. Nor could it, we think, be more charmingly set



MR. CHARLES MAJOR (EDWIN CASKODEN).

forth than in the quaint language of Sir Edwin Caskoden, Henry's gay little "Master of the Dance." Only it is well to make it clear that the book is not an historical study. It is a love-story pure and simple, and its appeal is to the reader's heart rather than to his head. It is the widest appeal, however, and no doubt the example of the fifty thousand Americans who have already enjoyed the book will be followed eagerly by as many Britons. The beautiful and wilful Princess has an imperious charm which few will be able to resist, and her Maid of Honour, Lady Jane Bolingbroke, is only second to her mistress. To us, indeed, she is a more attractive character, just as her gallant and determined little knight wins more of our regard than Brandon himself, who seems a trifle overpowered by the insistence of the Princess's wooing. The book is full of gaiety and vivacity, for Sir Edwin has an infectious light-heartedness. The author is to be especially congratulated on the personality of his "chronicler," whose innocent and cheerful egotism is one of the most refreshing touches in a bright and delightful story.

HIS COUNTERPART. By Russell M. Garnier. 6s. (Harpers.)

On a likeness between two cousins, one of them, Oliver Drake, a person of no consequence outside this story, the other the great Duke of Marlborough, Mr. Garnier has based a capital romance. Drake gets into scrapes and out of them because of his extraordinary resemblance to the hero, and the long and intricate adventures, both in France and England, which ensued from his falling in love with Corinne de la Tour, are traceable to the same source. They are told in the most spirited fashion, and prove an excellent yet never obtrusive knowledge of the history of the time. John Churchill shows up most favourably, but he is the young soldier of promise then, with leisure and generosity to help lame dogs over stiles. And his cousin Drake was a very lame dog sometimes; while his comrade, Rat Bennett, was a sad rascal, only out of worse mischief when fighting and raiding an enemy's country. We owe gratitude to Mr. Garnier for a lively and a well-knit, workmanlike tale; and may there be many more as good to come from his pen!

THE HOOLIGAN NIGHTS. By Clarence Rook. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

One thing at least Mr. Rook makes evident, and that is that the submerged tenth are by no means an unhappy fraction of humanity. They combine the resources of civilisation with the freedom of primitive savagedom, and, if young Alf may be taken as a type, have an uncommonly good time. The existence of law and authority simply gives a needed zest to life, and policemen are the *sauce piquante* of existence. Alf is a shocking character undoubtedly, but fascinating nevertheless, and the continual novelty and adventure of his life are dangerously attractive. If from henceforth there is a great increase in the numbers of our criminal population, we sadly fear Mr. Clarence Rook will be to blame.

MR. CLARENCE ROCK.
From Photo by A. Lewis.

IN KING'S HOUSES. By Julia C. R. Dorr. 6s. (Duckworth.)

Here is historical romance as it ought not to be written. It is a story of a poor boy who had the good luck to have a royal playmate. He made his fortune at Court and in the Marlborough wars; loved a lady of high degree, despaired of winning her, and then discovered in time a dead father of blue blood. He married his love and passed unregretted out of our ken. It is called a romance of the days of Queen Anne, but it suggests the epoch of Sennacherib just as closely. The portraits of historical personages, while lifeless and worthless, are fulsome and fawning. The book is swamped by amiability, the product of imperfect information and a devitalised system.

WILLOWWOOD. By Esther Miller. 6s. (Harpers.)

There are many fools in the world, and some of them are women. But we have never read or heard of so gratuitous a fool as the heroine of "Willowwood." When her husband was terribly disfigured by an explosion in South Africa, her sensitive nerves received a shock. The good husband suggested a change, and she sailed for home. There she met Considine, a young literary man, who was soulful and not at all disfigured. She "carried on" freely with him, and he asked her to marry him. She said she was a widow; she consented, and went through the ceremony—though her new husband knew all about an old friend of hers and neighbour of her real husband in South Africa, and though steamers are quick, and communication easy between Cape Colony and Devonshire. She does not conceal her name. She does not hide. You cannot say she was daring. She was simply callous and imbecile. To do Miss Miller justice, she treats Frances Deltry as a little cad towards the end; and after Deltry—who has met her with her new husband at a London dinner-party—shoots himself, she arranges that Considine shall have nothing more to do with her. But it is trifling with her readers to suggest the possibility of such patent folly. And no amount of talking about intellectual persons and their interests will give a book that commits such an offence even a veneer of seriousness.

AN OBSTINATE PARISH. By M. I. Lord (Sydney Christian). 6s. (Unwin.)

"An Obstinate Parish" may be described as an attack on ritualistic practices, but there would be injustice in the description. Very Gallios in Church matters might read it with interest, for it is directed against tendencies in certain natures which priestliness is not all responsible for, though it encourages them. The writer has portrayed a few types with a strong hand. The finer shades of individual character he attempts, and, we think, unsuccessfully. But the man who is the priest through love of power; also the frank hearted, stupid, healthy man, who lets evil flourish under his very nose, but when he wakes up, wakes to some purpose; and the girl who is the victim of glorified hysteria, and who, as homage to the high duty of obedience to the Church, defies her father's authority, and snubs every expression of his desire, these are each drawn in clear lines. The book is written with an admirable commonsense. It represents no particular opinions, but the tone is distinctly religious, and the villain of the piece, the Rev. Cyril Robertson, is singled out for attack, not as an eager Churchman, but as a man who uses any means to gain influence, who, passionless himself, inspires passion in others for the sake of power. The story of the Keens, that pagan family who got so mixed up with the parochial church war, is as if it had never been written. It has no coherence, no probability; the two young people gain no standing room in a reader's mind, though into Paget's mouth shrewd remarks are put, as this: "The sticklers for ceremony and rubrics ought to have gone into the law; and the apathetic or easy-going bishops ought to have been country gentlemen; and the founders and followers of all these Orders ought to have belonged to the Secret Intelligence Department, and all the clergy who care so much for dressing and processing, and the revival of ancient customs and curious ceremonies, ought to have gone on the stage." Sylvia's sainthood does not convince us. A young person who shows extreme mental incapacity, and snubs her elders with icy scorn, has not the making of a saint as we understand saintliness nowadays. For her husband—he pulls her out of a sisterhood by main force—we have sympathy and some misgivings. In her case domestic life, if it does not cure, will kill.

BUILDERS OF THE WASTE. By Thorpe Forrest. 3s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

If you can, at this fatiguing season, carry your mind back to the year A.D. 545, and to the struggles of the Britons with the Saxon invaders, you will find here a pretty and well told story of love and war. The theme is an old one. One woman and two lovers of different, of hostile races. Of course, she loves the alien; but here Mr. Forrest's version varies from some great originals in that Brenda, his heroine, marries neither. "Builders of the Waste" suggests, in cover, in sentiment, and somewhat in style, a recreation for the well-ordered schoolroom. Save as an escape from a dryer chronicle of the time it is not wildly interesting; but there is good work in it which colours our respect more than once with hearty admiration.

THE SWORD OF ALLAH. A Romance of the Harem. By T. R. Threlfall. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

In language and conception Mr. Threlfall's romance is simply magnificent. No prodigality of either is spared. He has the courage of his romantic spirit, and the story of Thomas Keith, the Scottish soldier of fortune, who played so important a part in the conquest of Arabia, under the name of Ibrahim, loses nothing at his hands. He was a very giant of prowess, and he owed all the glory of his career to suspecting the fidelity of Elsie Macdonald in the good old town of Edinburgh. Her adventures among pirates and harems we like even better; but some of the best of the surprises come from John Kirkwynd, who first appears as the crony of a kirk elder, and next as the captain of a pirate ship, in an Albanian kilt, and with a plentiful supply of daggers. That is but a sample of the rich and generous method pursued throughout. Mere scraps of quotation would do injustice to the eloquence of the language, both English and Scots; but we promise readers it never flags up to the glorious catastrophe of the end, where, with the cry of "Elsie! Scotland!" brave Tam falls on the body of his dead love, and a terrific thunderstorm commemorates the event by crashing a tall minaret to the ground.

MR. J. C. SNAITH.
From Photo by Pendry, Nottingham.

WILLOW THE KING. By J. C. Snaith. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Mr. J. C. Snaith is a writer of parts. He has produced at least two very winsome historical romances, and now he comes forward with the most cheery and refreshing piece of holiday fiction of many years. "Willow the King" is just the book for a summer idler. It makes no demands on the tired brain, it is throughout compact of brightness and pleasant sentiment. "Grace" is a delightful holiday companion, and we are all too sorry when she is out, "hit wicket," in her great match with Dimmy, for that gentleman was certainly an execrable bowler and hardly deserved his good fortune. "Willow the King" is sure of wide popularity.

CHRONICLES OF TEDDY'S VILLAGE. By Mrs. Murray Hickson. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

We are glad to welcome our old friend Teddy again, and have a kindly ear ready for his conversation and his "engaging stammer." Not that there is very much about Teddy here, only a mighty cricketing exploit and a few scattered words of wisdom, but at least we are in Teddy's neighbourhood all the time. There is no lack of delightful characters to take his place — the maiden lady, of sweetness all compact, but with never a gleam of humour, the incorrigible but irresistible Mrs. Sandyman, the Squire's lady and her social foe, whom it was her delight to shock; and the artist girl who died. All these remain in our memories with their suggestion of pathos or of humour, never overstrained or unreal, but sincere, simple, and unmistakable. Mrs. Murray Hickson has an art and a style of her own. She sees with her own eyes, and writes as she sees. Therefore what she writes is always worth reading.

MRS. HICKSON.
From Photo by Vandyk, Gloucester Road.

THE FORTRESS OF YADASARA. By Christian Lys. 6s. (Warne.)

The romance hunter has been so much abroad that he has left none of the known countries and peoples unexploited. He has rubbed the bloom off them all. So evidently thought Mr. Christian Lys when he conceived his tale of "The Fortress of Yadasara." You are not likely to find Drussenland. Great barriers keep it from the touch of the outside world. Most of its new importations in the way of soldiers of fortune come in blindfolded. As for its people, this is the conjecture: They "were descended from the survivors of the last Crusade. Many, it is known, never returned to Europe, and what more probable than that they should draw together and become a people to themselves? All Europe had furnished warriors for the Crusade; hence the curious jumble of the language which had become the tongue of Drussenland." An Englishman who tumbles into the country by accident finds it divided by factions. A king heads one, a queen the other. Like a gallant man he serves the lady, but out of guile is actually in the king's service too for a short time. By the help of a cheery Irishman and by a valiant heart he extricates himself from endless difficulties. Over and over again his life is not worth a moment's purchase. Indeed, Mr. Lys might have rested his inventive faculties more than he has done. Drussenland is not the place to spend a quiet life in, and his hero escapes at last by original means, through a trap, into which dead men are thrown for their bodies to rest in the river-bed. He does not go alone. The queen, on her way to becoming plain Mrs. Verrall in England, clings fast to him, and they slip down and down, and land, stunned and draggled, but in safety, as you knew they were bound to do. Not a page without a life and death adventure is Mr. Lys's rule, and boys will applaud it.

ON THE EDGE OF THE EMPIRE. By Edgar Jepson and Captain D. Beames. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The authors of these stories must have seen a great deal of stirring life in camp, on the frontier, and elsewhere in India. To use their experience as material for stories is quite according to the custom of the time, which is willing to treat as a story any incident put into few enough words. We venture to think they have made a mistake, even while we acknowledge that among the thirty pieces in the book there are one or two passably good tales. Their material would have stood them in much better stead if retailed in the form of reminiscences of travel and active service. In the form of stories it often shows thin; it is strained to be effective; it is unmistakably dull. Because things happen on the "edge of the Empire" there is a general feeling they must be tremendous; but one learns by a candid reading of these tales that the adventures of Mary Ann of Hammersmith may have just as much point. A great many of the anecdotes illustrate some phase of Indian or frontier life, and as such would have adorned and lighted up a descriptive paragraph; but the writers have neither selected nor cooked their material enough to turn it into good fiction.

LOVE HATH WINGS. By Constance Smith. 3s. 6d. (Isbister.)

We don't know how Miss Smith applies the well-known truth contained in her title. Her story is a common-sensible one. The emotions displayed are not very winged, certainly not at all flighty. One young man, it is true, does ask a wealthy woman to marry him to help him in philanthropic experiments, while he is still engaged to another girl; but he never means it, and nothing comes of the matter. His sister does accept a wild backwoodsman millionaire whom she does not care for, that her invalid mother may live in comfort; but there is never any question of love, and the affair is stopped in time; and her real lover, a very respectable and dull young barrister, forgives the dutiful infidelity. But there is a wonderful steadfastness of affection observable in all the parties concerned. That, and severe common-sense in face of the hobbies of unbusinesslike philanthropists and collectors of china, are the leading features of this story with the pathetic title.

STUFF O' THE CONSCIENCE. By Lily Thicknesse. 6s. (Harpers.)

Miss Thicknesse's novel is a story of theatrical life which will be best appreciated outside "the profession." Young actors might be stimulated by the tale of Withington, who rose from poverty to the highest rank among actors, whose name was a household word in England, whose genius and whose fortune were both formidable. But if they have the true stuff of their business in them, they will be outraged by his latter end, where he repudiates the stage, treats acting as a poor, petty, immoral art, and relinquishes it for philanthropy in an undeveloped, unsophisticated foreign country. The "Infinite" haunted him. "Alas! what intercourse with the infinite could he boast, the puppet of a simulated passion, feigned to catch the crowd?" Then we have a clear conviction that Miss Thicknesse has exaggerated his genius. Great actors do not long after the Infinite to the detriment and the relinquishing of their art, though, if they be loyal to their art, they may occasionally suggest it. The title refers to a struggle which the high-souled hero has to win the love of a still higher-souled woman. They are both married—she to a hopeless, querulous invalid; he to a callous, faithless, society woman. But his ideal lady does not give in, and he sails away to unknown fields of philanthropy, while London looks on curious and mystified that its darling should leave her thus.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE LOCUSTS. By A. Werner. Over Seas Library. 1s. 6d. and 2s. (Unwin.)

The Over-Seas Library has for its aim the publication of literature dealing with "the actual life of the English outside England, whether of Colonial life or the life of English emigrants, travellers, traders, officers, over-seas, among foreign and native races, black or white." This aim is a great deal better fulfilled by a book like Miss Werner's than by the opening volume, which reflected little save the unvarying contrariness of Mr. Cunninghame Graham's mind under many skies. "The Captain of the Locusts" is a book of South African stories, of artistic excellence, high above the average, wonderfully suggestive as to the customs, the temperament, and the point of view of the various races with which the writer has come into contact, very little theoretical, holding no brief for Englishman, Boer, or native, but finding attractive and picturesque and unitingly human traits in each. Miss Werner's shrewd knowledge of human nature and her instinct for romance are both delightfully exhibited in her tale of "The Eponymous Hero."

MISS A. WERNER.

THE ARM OF THE LORD. By Mrs. Comyns Carr. 3s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

Mrs. Comyns Carr has found in the stern religious instincts and relentless principles of a certain primitive type of Me-

thodism the setting for a piece of intense and powerful melodrama. Jesse Maddams' granddaughter, Nancy has inherited her mother's bold beauty and defiant spirit. The old man, with silent, set determination, seeks to train her in the modest ways of the Methodist community, prays day and night for her conversion, forces her to attend the revival meetings at which she only mocks, and arranges a marriage for her with an insignificant little London cousin, also a member of "the Connexion." Nancy defies them all, until at last her grandfather casts her off and breaks his own heart in doing it. The closing scene, where he refuses to admit within his doors the dead body of the girl he loved, is full of tragic power. The book is a strong piece of work, ably carried through from first to last. There are only five portraits—Jesse, Nancy, the faithful old Abigail, the vulgar cousin, and Jeremy Salter, the petty, spiteful class-leader—but each is complete and perfect in its way. Short though the book is, it is a striking and an able one.

WAR TO THE KNIFE; or, Tangata Maori. By Rolf Boldrewood. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Vigour has returned to Mr. Boldrewood after a too long absence. Time was when he could write a romantic story of adventure robust and lively. His best days have not come back; but even in the weakest of his recent books the pages that give information have always been readable. And so, mainly because he has a great deal to tell of Maori life and customs in "War to the Knife," the story reaches a higher level than anything he has written since the early days of his reputation. It relates the adventures of a young Englishman, who, crossed in love, flees to New Zealand to forget, and drowns his sorrows in studying the Maoris and in fighting some of the tribes during an unhappy war. His personal story is feeble enough. Mr. Boldrewood has a curious talent, even when dealing with very modern subjects, of reproducing the third-rate style of three-quarters of a century ago. Echoes of the manner of "The Swiss Family Robinson" and its contemporaries are constantly to be heard. And we cannot help expostulating with his determination to rub the romance off colonists by insisting that they are very much like conventional Englishmen at home. And not the colonists of pure English blood only. Erena, the half-caste, who dresses in native fashion, talks like an old-fashioned, boarding-school-bred miss. But the Maori parts are capital. Both the ferocity and the chivalry of the people are boldly set forth. We are left entirely cold by the adventures of Hypatia, the heroine, who, having rejected the hero for philanthropy, found London slumming a disappointment, and went out to New Zealand to help in mission work, and, of course, succumbed in the end to the repeated and very advantageous offer of her old lover. But the wild war-dance, the fierce fighting, the fiendish cruelty alternating with noble generosity of the Maori warriors, win all our attention. It is not the fiction but the fact of the book that gives it worth and attractiveness. Better than all his own romantic invention are the tales—no fancy ones—of the chivalrous fighters that left water by the side of their wounded foes before they left them on the field.

BOTH GREAT AND SMALL. By A. E. J. Legge. 6s. (John Lane.)

It is a real pleasure to read a story written with the care and affection which the author betrays on almost every page of "Both Great and Small." Mr. Legge goes far to make us forget that we are critics; for we feel from the outset that in all such matters as language, construction, style, in short, with the *writing* of his book, we may trust him fully; confident that he will give us nothing which is slip-shod, that we shall be confronted by no tortuosities in his pages, that, indeed, we may concentrate our attention upon the story he has to tell. That story we will say at once is certainly worth telling. No bare *resumé* of the plot could do it justice, for its strength lies chiefly in the forceful, yet delicate delineation of men and women. Lord Chesterton, the somewhat weakly landowner, chafing against his mediocrity, yet incapable, except at rare moments, of touching heights or depths, is an achievement in character drawing. Beatrice Felsted, healthy and intolerant; Lesbia Burgrave, vain, emotional, wicked, yet with saving graces; and, perhaps best of all, Jim Burgrave, Lesbia's husband, who must be read to be known—all these, and many slighter figures, are real men and women, cared for by the author, skilfully presented, and interesting in themselves. Throughout the book one finds vigour, truth, and lucidity, together with some descriptive touches of nature which are admirable.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

ROBERT RAIKES. Biographical Notes collected by Josiah Harris, etc. Edited by J. Henry Harris. Introduction by Dean Farrar. Illustrated Edition. 7s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)

Mr. Josiah Harris collected evidence that Robert Raikes was not merely the founder of Sunday Schools, but a serious student of social conditions, and that the case of the prisoners in gaols, as well as the waifs in the streets, were practically considered by him. The book will certainly rouse interest in Raikes's contribution to social reform, and perhaps none the less so that it is in some ways eccentric. Mr. Harris went to Gloucester nearly forty years ago to gather up information about his hero. The ignorance and indifference there shocked him deeply. The Raikes' Sunday Schools were nearly empty; only a few old people could give him any facts at all. Nobody of position seemed in the least proud of Raikes. He learnt that in his lifetime he had been called Bobby Wildgoose, that he was a buck, a dandy, reputed inordinarily vain, and that his own schools were not brilliantly successful. The sight of the one he founded almost deserted, forced from Mr. Harris despairing utterances, "Oh, the profanation! Is there no inspiration!" Perhaps the rather meagre quantity of information gathered on the spot may be partly accounted for by his method of cross-examination; specimens are given, and they are formidable. But he did get something. Raikes was, on the evidence of old pupils, thorough in his system. He was a liberal rewarder of virtue in little boys, and he thrashed the vice out of them very soundly. The parents seem to have approved of his methods, for they chastised their offspring freely at his bidding, and some of them sent their truants to school with 14-lb. weights tied to their legs. But he did not lose his influence by his sternness, and he tamed a good many little savages into decent behaviour and a mastery of "The Scholars' Companion." Sunday Schools did not, however, flourish so successfully in Gloucester as elsewhere, and concerning those that existed there is a rather undignified quarrel whether they owe most to Raikes or to Stock. Stock was a vicar, and more thought of locally than a printer and provincial editor could be; but it was Raikes, not Stock, that received an invitation to visit the Empress of Russia! Mr. Harris scolds Gloucester perhaps overmuch for its indifference to the memory of the philanthropist; but the city comes out of the accusation well enough considering our English indifference to commemorations.

FROM HOWARD TO NELSON. Twelve Sailors. Edited by J. Knox Laughton. With Portraits and Maps. 10s. 6d. (Lawrence and Bullen.)

The name of Professor Laughton on the title-page is a guarantee of accuracy and general reliability; but we wish he had been a larger contributor to the volume. His essay on Howard is excellent, it shows the same large views and breadth of treatment which we have learned to expect from him; and the only other paper in the book that rivals it is Captain and Professor (rare combination!) Montagu Burrows' one on Blake. The rest—on Drake, Rooke, Anson, Hawke, Boscawen, Rodney, Howe, Hood, St. Vincent, and Nelson, by various admirals, vice-admirals, and rear-admirals—are all precise and intelligent statements concerning the English navy at various periods, and the timely qualities which made these good sailors into great men. There are good stories, too, of the humours of these fathers of the fleet, and, alas! some washing out of the evidence of old ones we have grown up with. The book is perhaps a little beyond the reach of ordinary adventure-loving boys, but boys with a professional outlook on the sea will find plenty of sustenance for their imaginative ambition in it—though it is the general reader with a turn for history that is more particularly addressed.

THE HEART OF ASIA. A History of Russian Turkestan and the Central Asian Khanates from the Earliest Times. By F. H. Skrine and E. D. Ross. Illustrated (from Sketches by Verestschagin). 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

Lord Curzon's book, "Russia in Central Asia," is only ten years old, and already portions of it are out of date, so great have been the changes in the interval. Mr. Skrine and Professor Ross have written a book which is supplementary, up to date, and, besides, admirably corrective of the tone of its predecessor. They visited the country independently, and each has written as a specialist. To Professor Ross has fallen most of the historical research, while Mr. Skrine has described the mechanism of government, the development of railways and

commerce, and the social life of the great cities. The result is a work of deep interest, a convenient introduction to the history of Central Asia, and, of course, very timely when Russian government in the East is the object of our keenest attention. The historical portion is concise and businesslike; the description of the physical features of the countries and of the life of the towns remarkably vivid. But the last portion, which considers the character of Russian rule in Asia at this moment, will excite most interest. The authors have come to the conclusion that Russian colonisation has been maligned; that honest, benevolent intentions are the rule, and that real pains are taken, and much money and ability are spent to carry them into effect. They quote Skobeloff, who said, "Our Central Asian policy recognises no pariahs. Herein lies our superiority over the English." This, of course, is not conclusive. Though the inhabitants of the annexed countries, "are invested with every privilege enjoyed by citizens of the empire," our "pariahs" may not be worse off. But there is the clearest testimony to the ability which characterises the late administration of such men as Kurapatkine, the Governor of Transcaspia. As to the nightmare which haunts some of our Indian officials, and many nervous citizens at home, about the Russian advance in Asia, they say "the absorption of India is a dream too wild for the most aggressive adviser of the Tsar. . . . Her conquests in Eastern Asia will absorb her surplus activity for many years to come." And from various signs—one of them the cordial friendship between Russians and Englishmen in the Boundary Commissions of 1885 and 1895—they even dream of the possibility of a union of hearts between the two greatest powers!

REMINISCENCES OF THE KING OF ROUMANIA. Edited from the Original, with an Introduction, by Sidney Whitman. 10s. 6d. (Harpers.)

Readers who buy this book looking for a stock of royal gossip and anecdotes will be terribly disappointed. There is not a hint of gossip in all the three hundred and sixty pages. There never was such a prudent compilation; its dignity is always at full dress point. King Charles drew up the German original himself, and so it has all the value of having been written from the inside, and all the tastelessness of the official document. The English editor says of the Reminiscences "They also contain a study in self-revelation, which, so far as it belongs to a regal character, is absolutely unique in its completeness—even in an age so rich in sensational memoirs as our own." We have come across no self-revelation; but everywhere a cold prudence, a determination not to offend anybody, which is highly natural considering who the writer is. The official story of how the throne was offered to the son of Karl-Anton, how he comported himself in the face of faction; how he dealt with the financial situation; how far the country was in agreement with Russia at the outbreak of the war; and what its development has been since—all this is told concisely and clearly. Letters breathing the best of sentiments from his father, from Napoleon III., from the Crown Prince of Germany, and from Bismarck, are included; but though not without significance, they are without interest in the general sense. The war period is dealt with in a more lively manner, and the pages relating to it are really of some importance. The student of the Eastern Question cannot afford to leave any book dealing with the affairs of South Eastern Europe unheeded, but he will not owe a great deal to the revelations of his most cautious Majesty. From a compliment someone pays to his wife we learn that she is a patron of letters and art. Then it suddenly occurs to us that Carmen Sylva is his queen. But he does not unbend enough to mention her by that name or any trait which would make her recognisable to the ordinary world.

JAMES FREDERICK FERRIER. By E. S. Haldane. Famous Scots Series. 1s. 6d. (Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier.)

Mrs. Ferrier, who was a daughter of Christopher North and a woman of exceptional gifts both of wit and beauty, described her husband's philosophy by saying that "it made you feel as if you were sitting up on a cloud with nothing on, a lucifer match in your hand, but nothing to strike it on." The philosopher himself took his work more seriously, but scarcely with less vivacity. His biographer has done full justice to his liveliness, for this is the brightest of the Famous Scots volumes that we have read. Ferrier has not taken a prominent place in the history of philosophy—not a foremost place even in Scottish philosophy—but he was an original thinker and had the courage of his opinions. Locke and Reid he found alike unsatisfactory, and his distinction between "our apprehension" and "the perception-of-matter," the latter being one fact and indivisible, marks a new starting point. Readers of the recently published "Life of Susan Ferrier," the aunt of the philosopher, will remember his family connection and appreciate his opportunities of mixing with the finest minds of his time. Scott, Lockhart, Hogg, Wilson, Hamilton are a few of the names that are continually recurring in this biography. The little book should do much to preserve Ferrier's memory from neglect. Its bright and readable style will attract many who might otherwise have been content to know nothing of him but his name.

FOREST NOTES. By Eugene and Annie Lee-Hamilton. 3s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

Mr. Lee-Hamilton is already well known as a poet; but his collaborator has to be congratulated on the result of her turning aside—temporarily, we hope—from prose fiction to the writing of verse. It must be said that some pages out of this intimate and personal duet might have been omitted without the regret of the general reader—not that they sin against discretion, but because they are on a lower level of artistic achievement than we demand from the accomplished writers. There remain, however, a substantial remnant of pleasant lyrics. From those signed E. we pick out some lines as a happy specimen:

Beneath the beechen bough
Come now, come now,
O love of happy days,
That we may sit in shadows
And watch the unmown meadows
Far from the bitter ways.
. . . . . .
Here tears mean dew, not sorrow;
Here there is no to-morrow,
No murmur but of bees.
The past, to-day, is far away,
And sighs are sighs of ease.

Mrs. Lee-Hamilton is read to best advantage, we think, outside the Forest Notes, in the "Other Poems," where she is a reflective and emotional moralist. She shows her true individuality in such lines as:

For life is a cry and a waking,
The touch of a hand unknown;
A bough that is shaken by tempest,
A harvest by aliens sown.

THE VINEDRESSER, and other Poems. By T. Sturge Moore. 2s. 6d. net. (Unicorn Press.)

To the credit of the Unicorn Press, let it be said, in the first place, that "The Vinedresser" has been sent out in a form exquisitely tasteful and delightful. There is pleasure in the possession of the little volume quite apart from the contents. As for these contents, they are verses written by a man with a distinctly poetical temperament, much influenced by modern forms, emancipated from a good many hampering restrictions of yesterday, and, alas, from some wholesome ones. Many of his subjects are classical—that is, found in classic lands—but the treatment is the reverse; and, very likely, it is what best suits the writer's mind, romantic, wayward, swiftly impressionable. A critic should own when he is not on the level of the thing reviewed; and there are things here that are beyond us. At the "Chercheuses de Poux" we only feel inclined to laugh, but its solemn manner warns us we are being irreverent before a great, if humble, symbol. Mr. Moore's strength and weakness are both seen in his Chorus of Grecian Girls.

We are gay as the weather. Our minds are deep
Like wells, as any boy tells
By the blushes he dare not kiss.
. . . . . .
We don't wonder whether
The day is long
Or the night short
Since all our thought
Is but big as the song
Of a brown fussy bee,
And just fills the flower which we
Each call, "Me."

SIR PAUL PINDAR, and other Plays. By Harry Neville Maugham. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

In reading through these plays, with some wonderment and misgivings, we were rejoiced to find amongst them an old

friend, "The Husband of Poverty," which we remembered because it contains an exquisite little lyric, "There was a Knight of Bethlehem." Warmed by our affection for a little gem of eight lines, we turned back and revised our judgment of "Sir Paul" and the other dramas. But the wonderment and the misgivings would not disappear. We believe, with Mr. Maugham, "that the drama is to-day in a transition stage," and that the plays of to-morrow may be far enough from yesterday's forms; but the central conception of drama remains ever the same, and Mr. Maugham's talents, we are assured, lie elsewhere—in lyrical outbursts, of which there are some of genuine beauty and power in the volume. But as a book of plays, whether meant for the stage or not, it only rouses rather disrespectful surprise. In "Sir Paul Pindar," besides the great merchant, there appear illustrious personages like James I., who quotes from his "Counterblast," and Count Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador. They are all quite superfluous in a story that turns, after all, on a nursery incident, a variation of the old magpie and ring motive; only, this time the ring is a huge diamond, and the magpie a little boy who plays at pirates during the day and dreams too violently at night. Mr. Maugham meant to do something with the great people, but couldn't find any use for them after all. "The Mastery of Men" is in the style of "Michael Field," in these ladies' most hysterical mood. The heroine is Queen Hatasu, that very terrible "new woman" of old Egypt, and she plays her part in the boldest, baddest way. She is tremendously vain—or Mr. Maugham is for her—of her capacity for being wicked, for being universal.

> I am the breath of spring, and morning dew,
> But while I can be virginal and sweet,
> Yet there are pulses in me that declare
> A kinship with the vile and low.

These pulses are always beating while we are in her company, and when Senpoer wonders whether she be "a brawling slut or most enchanting queen," we have our answer pat. Hatasu is the heroine of a play which is incontrovertibly comic; it is tragedy successfully burlesqued; and yet we freely own that real imagination is running riot in it, and that there are lyrical moments to be met with in the work of no ordinary writer. "The Landslip," a homely piece, with a pious and rather commonplace motive, towers above all the others artistically. In "The Old and the New," which reflects modern life, there is a tiny strain of Ibsenism filtered through the atmosphere of a girls' boarding-school. No, these plays have missed fire. Yet out of many experiments, better than these and worse, will spring the drama we are looking for.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

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Editor of the Young Author's Page,
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to whom all MSS. must be addressed.

The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.

ACA.—Rather elementary. You have plenty of words—almost too many—for your matter. What you need is discipline, study. Go on with your reading. Write as much as you like for practice, but don't think of magazines in the meantime. You have a great deal still to learn. Send me something else by and by when you have thought and worked for a few months longer.

AUGUSTINUS.—Thanks for the books. These surmises regarding the future always seem to me futile, and to give a detailed account of the events which mark the end of the world, followed by descriptions of the future life, is surely to dare too much. Many people appreciate these attempts. I do not.

CARL AVRIL.—Very amateurish—surely your first attempt. But you must try again. Don't turn your sentences upside down, and try to express yourself in as few words as possible.

J. BELL.—Some ingenious antitheses here, and, I fear, little else but a jingling rhythm. You would probably be clever at fanciful verse forms, but these are not necessarily poetry.

BILLEE.—It is far from "worthless," but wants brightening up, especially in the first part. Sprightliness, if forced, has unfortunately the same effect as dreariness. Cut Part One considerably, make the whole thing move a little faster, and it may do very well. If the illustrations are to be so few, it is not by them but by the story that the book will be judged.

S. BIRD.—I do not think you can hope much from this. The story is trifling, and the explanation (which the reader is left to guess) does not add anything to its interest. You write pleasantly. The fault in this case is that there is really nothing to write about.

CIGALE.—The subject is an extremely pretty and pathetic one. You must keep it in mind. Some day you will do it better justice than you have done here. Your prose is not so graceful as your verse. To take merely the first page, the last sentence is awkward and involved, and the second last is bad English. The end is very good, only leave out the closing paragraph. Go on writing—and observing. Your work is quite worth taking pains with.

C. M.—Your verses do you great credit. They are distinctly above the average.

ERNEST COWLEY.—Not saleable, I am afraid. There is really no story, no development, nothing to interest anybody. But there is some promise in your way of expressing yourself. If this is your first attempt, it is worth while persevering.

DELTA.—Your story is interesting—one wonders if it is founded on fact. From the literary point of view it lacks originality and brightness. It jogs along to a somewhat obvious close. If you could devise some way of giving it piquancy, and commanding the reader's sympathy, it would be worth the trouble, for the moral is an excellent and much needed one.

DUNVEGAN.—I like your sketch. Your style is easy and unaffected, and you have observation and sympathy. There are one or two faults. On p. 11 say "nothing . . . was neglected," and look again at the first sentence on p. 10. Also I think you should choose another church for your hero's second experiment. Strict Calvinism is not characteristic of the denomination you name. Certainly send the sketch to any quietly-toned domestic or religious periodical. It may not be accepted, but it is worth trying. And go on writing. There is promise in your work.

JOHN EATON—Distinctly good. Your style is easy, yet sufficiently restrained, and you have thoroughly realised the man. Have you finished any others of the series? I should like to see them.

E. M. G. B.—You should not trouble about verse-making. You only get your ideas—which are very true and simple—into a hopeless tangle. This piece is quite unintelligible.

E. M. W. B.—Your story shows great promise. You have a good descriptive style and write with vivacity and effectiveness. You might offer this to one of the popular magazines, or at least keep it by you for a time and go over it again later. There is no reason why it or something like it should not get into print. Some minor points might be amended. Why should the young man take for granted that "she" must be either an old maid or a child? You should rather have raised his curiosity. I shall be pleased to see more of your work.

ENIUGNAS.—You have the instinct for poetry, and the "Snowdrop" verses are charming. "Knell" is wrongly used, but the ideas are exceedingly pretty. The other pieces, too, have some good imagery and some poetic phrasing, but they are utterly chaotic in form. They have neither rhythm nor order, and the blank verse is as bad as confusion and lack of training can make it. You must study—it is worth your while. Study prosody and all the dry technicalities of verse making, as well as poetry itself.

LESLIE GORDON.—You should not think of sending stories to editors for a long time yet. There is no harm in writing them if you have spare time when you cannot be out of doors. But you must learn to make your characters life-like and your incidents possible. Do you know that you spell very badly, both in English and French?

H. R. W.—A very pretty story. You might offer it to any of the popular magazines. The closing scene is worth another sentence or two. It is a little abrupt. But brevity in work of that kind is always a fault on the right side.

H. W.—These improve as they go on both in sense and syntax. The first two are apparently juvenile outpourings, only to be smiled over. The later pieces are more matter of fact, and if not exactly poetry, nor even very lucid verse, express a reasonable and happy middle-aged philosophy.

I. R. S.—Yes, your pieces do show promise. For the present the evidence of careful, painstaking work is perhaps the best thing about them. They want ease and fluency, but these qualities may come with practice. I like No. 2 best. The last verse is good, and so are several lines in the two preceding verses. No. 1 is well thought out, and the idea is admirable, but the language is not poetical. No. 6 is the least successful. It is prosaic and dull. No. 4 is confused in expression and wants concentration. Of the others No. 3 is the more promising; it has some individuality which the "Fragment" lacks. You should read as much as possible, especially Spenser, and try to have your ideas thoroughly in hand before you sit down to write.

JAN.—Certainly persevere. You write correctly and have a picturesque style. You may turn your knowledge of South African life to good account some day.

J. M. P.—The one "merit" is your evident appreciation of natural beauty. You have not yet learnt to express it, however. This series of disconnected statements with a few haphazard rhymes thrown in anywhere, does not even suggest poetry. You have still to learn the very alphabet of verse making.

J. W.—Your ideas are very true and wise, but you have not a poetical way of expressing them.

JACQUES LAMPOURDE.—Your style is attractive, it has a kind of bonhomie and youthfulness which show things in a pleasant light, but you take liberties with the English language. Look at p. 2, lines 15-17, and to talk of atoms of dust "footing it," is, to say the least, inappropriate. And how can a man be both "florid" and "pasty" at the same time? And could you have "solitude" *with* spectators—except on the stage? Your use of "dub" is worth discussing with your friends. Still, your bright writing carries off the story, slight though it is, and the other little piece is very well written. Don't trouble about getting these into magazines—though you might by an unlikely chance. You will soon have better work to offer.

JOSEPH MARLE.—Improved. The metre is right this time. Verse 3 is best. "Orgies of infancy" should be altered.

MONTREAL.—They are prettily turned. There is no reason why you should not reach the modest standard you aim at. The last verse is the weakest. "Heat" comes in strangely when you have just complained that winter had arrived with "chilly air." "Think me" is incorrect. The wording of the verse is commonplace. Certainly: send again later.

NORMA.—You can tell a story, but you cannot write English. Study composition, read good authors, and practise writing, and you will improve.

No. 17.—It is well that your thoughts run in such a vein. Whatever the literary value of your verses, the spirit that prompted you to write them is right and good.

ORESTE.—I am sorry I cannot praise your critique. There are faults in grammar and composition, and the style is terribly prolix. The matter is good, but might have been much more shortly and pointedly expressed. If you wish to do work of this kind you must cultivate a crisp and readable style. You evidently have some knowledge and insight. What you want is command of language and the courage of your opinions.

ANNIE PIERCE.—This story too reads very pleasantly. The chief fault is the tendency to drop into modern and very feminine idiom in the dialogue. "So dangerous" on p. 4, "excessively bashful" and "a little French thing" on p. 19, "mild" on p. 20, are a few cases, and worst of all, "things" on p. 51. Imagine a fifteenth century warrior putting on his "things"! "Flew" is wrongly used on p. 28, and "thrived" (p. 84) is wrong anywhere. Why introduce any reference to York and Lancaster? The enmity could be explained without dragging in such a great matter, and otherwise it has nothing to do with the story. Your environment seems accurate, but you will do your best work by being frankly feminine and modern. Your personality shows all through, not merely in phraseology. This story, in spite of all your trouble, is not so good as the last. You need not apologise for the little song; it comes in very nicely. Accept my sympathy in your domestic worries; I hope they are now well over.

PRELUDE.—Very juvenile, but you have ideas. Your style wants a great deal of pruning and developing. It is impossible to tell from this what you may do, but if you have the inclination, persevere and study hard. Write as much as you like for practice, but don't let any one see it for at least a year.

T. C.—There is no doubt as to your ability to write, nor any reason why this latest and longest story should not be printed—somewhere. It is morbid, depressing, decadent, and personally, I don't like the kind of thing, but there are a great many people who do. But at your age, and in your circumstances (on which, in spite of anxieties, I congratulate you), why write like a dejected spirit crying from the outer darkness? Your literary gift is very considerable. You may as well use it in showing your readers how to follow your excellent example in being "cheerful as sparrows." The shorter MS. is clever, only a little too vague at the end. Don't explain by any means, but throw out some sort of suggestion, just to stimulate the reader's imagination and give him a lead. Have you inquired as to the fate of the one accepted so long ago? Go on writing and offering your work to magazines. I shall be interested to hear how things go with you. I am sorry the MS. of four years ago has disappeared.

T. H.—Quite unconvincing and, I should think, impossible, though I am not physiologist enough to say absolutely. Anyhow you would have to explain the phenomenon a good deal more clearly in working out the story for print. Your MS. is very clear and readable. You need have no anxiety on that score. But you do not write in an interesting fashion, and are still a long way from magazines.

URSA.—A very nice story for a little girl. You have taken pains with it. There are still a few mistakes in spelling left, though you have corrected most of them. You should make your sentences shorter, instead of saying "and" so often. Next time, write about a little girl like yourself in an ordinary house, not about an earl in a castle, who had such a very queer way of treating his visitors.

VECTIS.—Yes, I believe this sort of thing is marketable. I don't know about "deficiencies." I should think you want as much incident as you can crowd in, and plenty of lively dialogue and description—more, perhaps, of all of these than you have here. I am glad you are frank about your motive. Try some of the less ambitious story papers, and I think you will succeed.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BURFORD, W. K.—Wayside Angels, and Other Sermons, 1/- James Clarke
[*A little book of very wise and sincere teaching and advice.*]

BYRDE, Rev. R. A.—High Aims at School.....Stock
[*Sermons preached at Allhallows School, Honiton. They are short, simple, and direct, dealing sympathetically with the ordinary daily duties and experiences of schoolboys.*]

HUTTON, F. W.—Darwinism and Lamarckism, 3/6.....Duckworth
[*Five lectures on Darwinism, clear, short, and popular.*]

MELROSE, C. J.—Free-will and Determinism in Relation to Progress, 1/6 .....New Century Press
[*The author finds that both Free-will and Determinism lead into a cul-de-sac. He does not seem to take his subject very seriously. His arguments are too superficial for seriousness, and too ponderous for sarcasm.*]

MONTEFIORE, C. G.—The Bible for Home Reading, Part II., 5/6 Macmillan
[*Very similar to Part I., except that the Editor has found it impossible to keep fully within the understanding of young children in choosing selections from the Wisdom Literature, the Prophets, and the Psalter.*]

MOULTON, Dr. R. G.—Bible Stories (New Testament), (The Modern Reader's Bible—Children's Series), 2/6 .....Macmillan
[*The stories are given in the language of Scripture, but are printed and arranged in modern style. The book should attract young people.*]

MULLER, F. MAX.—The Six Systems of Indian Philosophy, 18/- Longmans
[*See p.* 134.]

ODOM, Rev. W.—Prayer and Praise for Eventide, 1/- *Home Words* Office
[*A volume of prayers and hymns, arranged for each day in the week and month, for use in family worship.*]

TYRRELL, G.—External Religion, 3/6 ..... Sands
[*A study, from the Roman Catholic point of view, of the place and value of the outward and visible ceremonial of religion.*]

WARD, Prof. J.—Naturalism and Agnosticism, 18/-....A. & C. Black
[*See p.* 132.]

NEW EDITIONS.

BUNYAN, J.—The Holy War, 6d. ..... Ward, Loc

FIELD, Dr. F.—Notes on the Translation of the New Testament, 7/- Cambridge University Press
[*A reprint of the notes which appeared in 1881 as Pars Tertia of the Otium Norvicense, with additional notes left by Dr. Field at his death.*]

WELSH, Rev. R. E.—In Relief of Doubt, 2/6 ..... Bowden
[*The Bishop of Stepney contributes a preface to this second edition, in which he says that the book "has hit off exactly what is wanted, especially by the men of to-day." He has found it most helpful in clearing away the doubts and difficulties of intelligent men.*]

FICTION.

ASTINS, G. S.—Love Shall Reign Supreme, 1/- North Herefordshire Printing and Publishing Co.
[*Tells how true lovers were separated by the influence of a designing woman, and how after many vicissitudes they met on the other side of the world. The story is simple but interesting, notwithstanding the rather stilted language.*]

BARR, R.—Jennie Baxter, Journalist, 6d. ..... Methuen

BARTLETT, V. W.—Heart's Desire, 6/- .....Lane

BOLDREWOOD, R.—War to the Knife, 6/- .....Macmillan
[*See p.* 142.]

BRESLIN, J. W.—Thady Halloran, 6/- .....Unwin

By the Grey Sea, 6/- ..... Sand's

CAMERON, Mrs. L.—The Craze of Christina, 6/- .....Long

CASKODEN, E.—When Knighthood was in Flower, 6/- .....Sands
[*See p.* 139.]

CHATTERTON, G. C.—The Sport of Circumstance, 3/6 .....Long
[*Evidently the work of a clever writer—a writer cleverer than his book, though it is clever too. But there is a sense of strain, and the characters don't fit their frames. The heroine is bright, unconventional, and sure of herself, giving the story its attraction.*]

CLOWES, A. A.—Mona, 3/6 ..... Sonnenschein
[*A pretty story, brightly told, with much of the Irish liveliness and charm. It tells how a noble-minded girl loves and marries a young English business man, is badly treated, and finds herself at last thanking Providence that her child is a girl and therefore "can never grow up into an English gentleman." There is a somewhat unconvincing reconciliation at the end.*]

COSBY, E.—Three Bachelor Women, 2/6 .....Sonnenschein
[*The "bachelor women" are of the type held up to ridicule in comic papers and fortunately seldom met in real life. Possibly they are meant to be funny; certainly they are extremely vulgar and silly.*]

CROCKETT, S. R.—Ione March, 6/- ..... Hodder
[*See p.* 132.]

CROKER, B. M.—Jason, 3/6 .....Chatto
[*These Anglo-Indian tales are excellent—lively, interesting, and true to life.*]

CURRAN, H. E.—A Woman's Witchery, 3/6 ..Lawrence and Bullen
[*A story of the seventeenth century. There is plenty of adventure and excitement, but the archaic style is dull.*]

DORR, J. C. R.—In Kings' Houses, 6/- .....Duckworth
[*See p.* 140.]

FETHERSTONHAUGH, V.—Mrs. Jim Barker, 6/- .....Chapman

FIELDING, H.—Thibaw's Queen, 6/- .....Harpers

FRASER, Mrs. H.—The Custom of the Country, 6/- .....Hutchinson
[*Few can write of modern Japan with Mrs. Fraser's authority. These tales are full of the detail of Japanese life, and have still some of the charm of novelty. The whole setting is quaint and picturesque.*]

FREDERIC, H.—The Market Place, 6/- .....Heinemann
[*See p.* 136.]

GRIER, S. C.—Like Another Helen, 6/- .....Blackwood

HAMILTON, Lord E.—The Perils of Josephine, 6/- .....Unwin

HILL, H.—The Queen of Night, 2/- .....Ward, Lock
[*A gruesome but thoroughly interesting story of a murderous gang who for a consideration conveyed superfluous people to the Mediterranean on yachting trips, from which the victims never returned. The story is told by the ship's captain, whose fiancée, but for his intervention, would have died of "complications."*]

HOARE, E. G.—A Faulty Courtship, 3/6 .....Warne
[*A simple Tyrolese love story with a happy ending.*]

HUSSEY, E.—On Account of Sarah, 6/-.....Macqueen
[*A very slangy story, with a more serious intention than the language would lead one to expect. The book is a very readable one.*]

KELLY, W. P.—The Dolomite Cavern, 3/6.....Greening
[*We are nearly through the book before the "cavern" appears, but then the horror becomes quite Haggardesque. There are a good many alarming occurrences all through, and the author has a light touch that skims easily over improbabilities. He makes it very evident in his playful preface that he does not want to be taken too seriously.*]

LORD, M. L.—An Obstinate Parish, 6/- .....Unwin
[*See p.* 140.]

LYS, C.—The Fortunes of Yadasara, 6/- .....Warne
[*See p.* 141.]

MARTIN, E.—Shadows, 2/- .....Greening
[*Seven "Glimpses of Society" in, surely, its very worst aspect. The subjects of these sketches are all people of fair social position, but of the most appalling wickedness. The book is most painful to read, and we are quite at a loss to see what good it can possibly do.*]

MINCHIN, A. C.—The Arcadians, 3/6 .....Blackwell
[*A very lively and very modern story. There is no special connection between the chapters, though you may fancy there is if you elect to read straight on. It is a holiday or railway journey book, which you may read any way you like and be amused.*]

MINIKEN, B. M. M.—Where the Ways Part, 6/- .....Digby
[*A long, dull story, written in poor English, and dealing with juvenile love affairs. But there is a certain steady simplicity in the author's manner that may win the attention of quietly disposed and unexacting readers.*]

NASH, J. E.—The History of Adam's Grandfather, 1/- .....Sands

OPPENHEIM, E. P.—A Monk of Cluta, 3/6 .....Ward, Lock

PATERSON, A.—Cromwell's Own, 6/- .....Harpers
[*Relates the fortunes of a young soldier who, notwithstanding a dangerous tendency to Socinianism and a liberal education in the company of Malignants, attached himself to Cromwell, helped to train the Ironsides, and after many difficulties married the Protector's ward. The dialogue is chiefly remarkable for its bad grammar.*]

PINKERTON, T.—Dead Oppressors, 6/- .....Sonnenschein

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[*The picture of Demerara and its people and customs is not an attractive one, but it has novel features. The hero is a young Scotchman who finds himself compelled to adopt the ways and life of the natives.*]

ROOK, C.—The Hooligan Nights, 6/- .....Richards
[*See p.* 140.]

SALMOND, J. B.—My Man Sandy, 1/- .....Sands
[*A series of vigorous sketches written in a modified form of the Angus dialect.*]

SHARP, W.—Silence Fairm, 3/6..... .....Richards
[*See p.* 139.]

SNAITH, J. E.—Willow the King, 6/-.....Ward, Lock
[*See p.* 140.]

ST. CLAIR, W.—Zobeir, 3/6 .....Digby
[*A straightforward, simple story, telling how a beautiful girl is stolen by a slave dealer, but ultimately rescued. The names and scenery are Oriental. The story, if not remarkable, is quite readable and unpretentious.*]

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[*Another edition of these popular tales.*]

SCOTT, SIR W.—Count Robert of Paris; Surgeon's Daughter (Border Edition), 3/6.....Nimmo

SCOTT, Sir W.—The Fair Maid of Perth, 2 vols. The Highland Widow, 1 vol. (Temple Edition), 1/6 each vol. ....Dent

STERNE, L.—A Sentimental Journey (Temple Classics), 1/6 .... Dent

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AVELING, H.—Poems and Paragraphs, 5/-.....Digby
[*A curious mixture of sense and nonsense, of pretty versicles "written on a lady's tablets," and ponderous narratives in prosaic rhyme. The "Impromptu on Hearing an Ambitious Choir" will win sympathy,—"O Discord Dire! Art thou a Choir?" etc.*

BURKITT, F. C.—The Hymn of Bardaisan, 7/6 .....Arnold
[*This Syriac poem has been twice translated, but in both instances merely so as to provide a literal, word for word rendering for the use of Oriental students. In this version the effort is made to reproduce the manner and effect of the original. The language is dignified, expressive, and poetic.*]

CORNWALLIS, K.—The War for the Union
"Wall Street Daily Investigator" (New York)
[*The first part, or "Columbus Section," of a poetical narrative of the history of America. The author refers to it as "an elephantin-work." It is not very good poetry, but the kindly feeling to England expressed throughout and the tribute to Queen Victoria prefaced to the volume demand courtesy rather than criticism.*]

CROWLEY, A.—Jephthah and other Mysteries, 7/6 .....Kegan Paul

KING, C.—Poems, 5/-.....Digby
[*This writer has seen Sir Henry Irving (under the similitude of an oak tree) "waving his hoary crest along the base of heav'n." But surely there is some mistake about "the moss around thy summit" in either case. There is originality in such expressions as "the skyish shrine," but the unrhythmic torturing of "words from out the mortal lexicon" into italicised puns has an unpleasant effect upon what the writer calls the "ivories of thought."*]

LEE-HAMILTON, E. and A.—Forest Notes, 3/6 .....Richards
[*See p.* 143.]

LONGSTAFF, W. L.—Weeds and Flowers, 2/6 .....Greening

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[*There are some effective verses among these, but some are spoiled by a gloomy and pessimistic note. The prose Prologue provides a particularly disheartening view of life. The lines on "Age" are gracefully imagined.*]

MAUGHAM, H. N.—Sir Paul Pindar, 6/- .....Richards
[*See p.* 143.]

MCCALL, P. J.—Songs of Erinn, 2/6 .....Simpkin
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[*See p.* 143.]

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[*See p.* 143.]

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